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Vol. I

RICARDO.

THE

OUTLAW.

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PREFACE.



WHEN the author of the following pages retired from the service, and the bustle of active life, to the solitude of a country village, he began this work with no other intention than to employ his leisure time ; but as one subject naturally arises out of another, he by degrees increased it to its present size, and by the advice of his friends is induced to publish it. He sends it into the world with “all its imperfections on its head,” trusting to

the liberality of his readers to excuse any venial errors they may meet with, and that they will kindly attribute them to the imperfections generally attendant on a first attempt; should it afford any amusement to a generous public, the Author will be amply gratified.

RICARDO.



THE OUTLAW.

CHAP. I.

QUI va la * were the words that resounded in the ears of the terrified Angela, as she was pursuing the road her wayward destiny had compelled her to take, through the Forest of Ardennes, on a dark and gloomy night, in the month of November ; she was too frightened to be enabled to answer, when the same words were again repeated, in a rougher tone than before, and she felt her way impeded, by her arms being forcibly seized. Aided by the light of a dark torch which the ruffian carried in

Who goes there ?

B

his hand, she perceived a man of a cadaverous aspect ; his face was much disguised by large whiskers, which joining two immense mustachoes on his upperlip, made him hardly appear like a human being ; his dark eyes flashed fire, and fully spoke his murderous intent ; on his pointing a naked stiletto to her breast, she sunk to the ground almost senseless with terror. Soon as she was a little recovered, she found the robber was rifling her pockets of the few trinkets and jewels she had hastily put up, when she left her home, to procure subsistence on the road ; she submitted in silence, while he took all her little valuables from her, thinking herself fortunate should her life be spared. But the wretch was struck with the youth and beauty of Angela, and soon evidently demonstrated, that robbery was not his only intention ; when she perceived his purpose, she arose from the ground, and threw herself on her knees before him. “ Oh ! spare me,” she said, “ I conjure you, spare me !” “ You are in my power,” answered the villain, “ therefore all efforts

are vain, and entreaties useless." He then dropped the stiletto on the ground, and, with the triumphant smile of a demon, attempted to clasp her in his arms.

Despair gave Angela courage. At the moment he approached she snatched up the stiletto, and aimed it at the monster's heart; but before her feeble arm could perform its office, Bernadine seized it, and wrenched the murderous weapon from her grasp. "I told you before," he exclaimed, "all resistance was in vain," and then threw his arms around her. After she had uttered the most heart-rending cries, and was exhausted by the violence of her struggles, on a sudden a voice cried out, "Wretch! take the reward of thy villainy!" and at one blow from a sabre, the remorseless Bernadine was felled lifeless to the ground.

In the next moment Angela found herself supported by her deliverer, who caught her as she was fainting. Surprise and joy at her

sudden and unexpected rescue, robbed her for some moments of her senses ; on being again restored to reason, she perceived she was in the arms of her brave protector. She immediately disengaged herself from him, and a thousand fears invaded her timid breast, lest she might have been delivered from one villain, to be sacrificed to another ; but her anxieties, on this head, were soon dissipated. Now she no longer needed support, the stranger kept at a respectful distance ; for some time he was silent ; but at length he said, “ Blessed indeed do I feel myself, to be the happy instrument of rescuing so much virtue and innocence from the power of an assassin.” Angela, after a mental ejaculation to Heaven, returned him her warmest thanks for the signal service he had rendered her ; and asked if he thought there was any farther danger to be apprehended in pursuing her way through the forest :—for she had her fears of the stranger, and was anxious to leave him. He replied, “ You cannot, must not go thus unprotected ; this place is infested by a banditti :

and you may again fall into their hands. Nothing can ensure your safety, but intrusting yourself to my care; feel a confidence in me; I pledge myself to protect you with my life. My residence is hard by; permit me, fair unknown, to conduct you thither. After having recovered the fatigue and fright you have undergone, I will attend you on your journey, until you are free from every danger."

Angela, for a moment, deliberated on the proposal; and she thought it would be choosing the least evil of the two to accompany the stranger. There was something in his tone of voice and manner, which prejudiced her in his favor; she consequently replied, "You have not only been the saviour of my life, but the guardian of my honour; and I will not suppose my generous deliverer would injure a helpless woman, totally in his power; I am therefore resolved to trust myself with you." "Be assured," said the Cavalier, "you shall have no cause to repent of your confidence in me." He then placed her before him

on his horse, and rode off with the greatest velocity ; but not until he had scarched the pockets of Bernadine, and restored to Angela the valuable trinkets he had taken.

After riding some distance through the thickest part of the forest, they came to a valley, in which was situated an ancient castle, surrounded by an immense high wall, and appeared to have been once strongly fortified ; on arriving at the gate, her conductor rang a bell, when a small wicket was opened, and a rough voice demanded, " Who was there ? If you are a friend," he added, " give the watch-word for the night." The stranger whispered something ; when Angela immediately heard the rattling of heavy chains and the massy bolts withdrawn ; the ponderous doors creaked on their hinges, and at length were opened. Nosooner was she admitted than they were closed again, with a noise that reverberated through the castle-yard like a clap of thunder, and made her shudder with terror and affright. She was now induced severely

to censure herself for having consented to the proposal of the stranger ; yet she reflected, I am not more in his power than I was in the middle of the forest ; for there it was not probable that any human aid would have again come to my relief ; and the protection of the God in whom I trust, can be extended to me even here ; his all-seeing eye can penetrate into the deepest abyss, and relieve his erring creatures ; under his wing shall I still receive support in all my difficulties. This thought animated her with fortitude, and armed her with resolution to bear those trials to which she might be subject.

The Cavalier assisted her to alight ; finding her tremble he besought her, in the tenderest manner, to take courage. “ Believe me,” he said, “ you shall be here in perfect safety ; trust to my honour, and be assured no part of my conduct shall give offence to the most pure, the most rigid virtue.” He then took her hand, and led her forward.

They were conducted by the Porter that opened the gates ; whose appearance was not calculated to dispel the fears of Angela. By the light of a torch, which he carried, she beheld a countenance that struck her with horror ; on which villain was written, in too legible characters to be mistaken. He gave her a fierce and scrutinizing glance, from a pair of dark penetrating eyes, which were almost covered by his thick bushy eye-brows ; on one side of his girdle were placed a brace of pistols, and from the other was suspended a formidable cutlass. In this manner Angela traversed a spacious court ; and after ascending a flight of steps, entered a gloomy hall ; from the ceiling of which was hung, by a chain, a large triangular lamp ; whose last rays glimmered on the wall, and only made darkness more visible. On reaching a stone staircase, at the farther end, she heard from an adjoining room many voices, and the sound of mirth and revelry, at which she involuntarily shrunk back. " Fear not," said her conductor, " be assured none there shall

him you ; they are under my command, and will not obtrude themselves into your presence." Observing that the rough uncouth figure of the man who went before added to the terrors of Angela, he ordered him to return, and took the torch himself. On reaching the top of the stairs, they entered a spacious corridor ; on one side of it were Gothic windows, and the reflection of the torch on the painted glass illuminated the whole place with colours of various hue. Opposite the windows were several doors, one of which Ricardo opened ; when Angela found herself in a large room, the walls of which were hung with tapestry, but much decayed, and injured by time ; the furniture bore every mark of antiquity ; on a marble slab, of curious Mosaic workmanship, stood a lighted lamp, and on the hearth there blazed a cheerful fire.

"These, my fair unknown," said Ricardo, "are your apartments ; that door leads into a chamber, where I hope sleep will restore your exhausted strength and spirits. I will

call a female attendant to you, who shall bring you every refreshment you can wish ; and on the morrow you shall pursue your journey."

"Remember," said Angela, "more than my life is now in your power ; you see before you a forlorn, persecuted female, who has no protector but her God. I cannot for one moment suspect you would injure helpless innocence, and I will confide in you ; but to-morrow, with the earliest dawn, let me be gone." "Be assured," he replied, "no restraint shall be put upon your inclination ; you may command here in every thing ; and lest the purity of your virtue should cause a sigh of self-reproach to wound your delicacy, for being alone at this hour of the night with me, I will immediately take my leave ; may your slumbers be sweet and tranquil ; also be assured, I will not visit you in the morning until favored with your permission."

"Generous stranger !" answered Angela, "good night !" Ricardo then hastily withdrew, after intrusting her to the care of old Teresa.

CHAP. II.



TERESA appeared to have numbered more than three-score years, her face was wrinkled with age, and her hair had been blanched by time, until it became a perfect white; she had a pair of small grey eyes, that gazed on her charge with wonder and astonishment. After a lapse of some moments, she said, "Shall I get you any refreshment Lady?" "No," replied Angela, "I want none; rest will be most acceptable to me." "Ah, but you must have something," answered Teresa, "or our good Captain Ricardo will think I neglect you." She then hobbled out of the room, fast as her feeble limbs would permit.

Angela, now left to herself, began to reflect on her situation ; she was too much alarmed to observe her deliverer, until he conducted her to this apartment ; the more she scrutinized him, the more she felt inclined to confide in him. He appeared not above five and twenty, tall and well made ; his eyes seemed to express every sentiment of a generous mind ; there was a softness and penetration in them, which spoke the language of his soul ; a pleasing openness in his countenance, and an elegance in his manners, that told her he had seen better days ; his face was shaded by the black plumes he wore in his helmet ; from his side was pendant a large sabre, that weapon which saved the life of Angela ; deep sighs frequently escaped him, and he seemed to labour under great anxiety.

While Angela was wrapt in meditation, Teresa returned and placed some refreshment on the table, before she was sensible of any one being in the room ; and she was first roused from her reverie, by the sound of the

old woman's voice, vociferating loudly "Lady, lady, supper is ready, and I am desired to see that you eat some." "I cannot," replied Angela. "You must," returned Teresa; "if you are not disposed to eat at present, try a glass of wine, it will raise your drooping spirits." She at length accepted the offer; the wine she found exhilarating: she then was persuaded to eat. While partaking of a short repast, Teresa, with the garrulity of age, never ceased talking: "How fortunate are you, dear lady," said she, "to fall into the hands of our Captain Ricardo; he is so generous, humane, and good, that we all love him. I know not what you have done to him, but I never saw him so low-spirited before; ah, I fear you have been cruel to him; it must be so, or he would not be so strangely altered."

At this moment Angela heard the sound of horses' feet in the castle yard; she involuntarily trembled, as the noise reached her ears. Teresa observed her agitation, and said, "Do not be frightened, it is only some of our

Cavaliers returned." "Who are they?" Angela asked, with a glance of eager inquiry. "Be not alarmed, fair lady," replied the old woman, "they will not hurt you, for they are all under the command of our noble Captain Ricardo; they dare not move a step without his permission; and although they inhabit this haunted castle, you need not have any fear of them." "Haunted castle!" cried Angela. "Yes, good lady, haunted; but in truth, they are strange ghosts that live in it, ghosts of flesh and blood. It belongs to some Lord who lives at a great distance, and has never been here but once since it became his; he left an old man and woman to take care of it, but they heard so many noises, that they could not be prevailed upon to continue any longer; so our Cavaliers inhabit it without interruption. For as the villagers frequently see lights from the windows of the castle, they are now confirmed in the opinion, that apparitions walk here by night, and such terror have they of these old walls, that in going to or returning from work, they

had rather make a circuit of half a mile, than come within sight of them."

Angela used several efforts during this speech to stop Teresa's tongue, but finding it impracticable, she was obliged to submit in silence; at length she took the advantage of a short pause, to ask, why these Cavaliers were thus secluded in this castle? "Why, for fear of being discovered," said Teresa. "Why should they dread discovery?" "Because, good lady, their occupation is to lay travellers, that pass near this forest, under contribution; they are a banditti, and Ricardo is their Captain." "Good God!" sighed Angela to herself, "am I in the midst of robbers; and can Ricardo be one?" "There are some among them," continued Teresa, "I do not like; but they are in such subjection to their Captain, who is so loved and feared by them, that they will only do what he desires; they are restrained by him from ever distressing the poor; and only take from those who have so many of the good things of this world, that they can

well afford to part with a few of them, for the subsistence of their needy fellow creatures.

Angela was struck with horror at her situation ; secluded in a lonely castle, and surrounded with a fierce and daring banditti. All the generosity and nobleness of mind she thought she saw in Ricardo she now imputed to hypocrisy, and fully concluded she was brought hither for some sinister purpose ; she no longer viewed him in the light of a disinterested protector, but as her bitterest enemy ; and she was resolved, after all had retired to rest, to attempt an escape from the perils that she imagined surrounded her. With this view, she told Teresa, that she was much fatigued, and would try to get some repose ; upon which the old woman opened a door opposite to the one she had entered, and shewed her into a spacious chamber. It was hung with tapestry, similar to the other room, but the destructive hand of time had made even greater ravages in it ; the bed was of crimson damask, now quite faded : although

the lamp and the fire on the hearth gave a cheerful light, yet the room appeared dark and gloomy ; the long narrow casements, fixed deep in the very thick wall, did not appear calculated to admit sufficient day light to dispel the gloom.

Angela observing another door, eagerly inquired of Teresa whither it led ? “ Oh that, dear Lady,” she answered, “ opens on a back staircase, which goes to another part of the castle ; this is Captain Ricardo’s chamber.” “ Ricardo’s chamber,” exclaimed Angela, with evident alarm ; “ why am I brought hither ?” “ Be not frightened,” the old woman replied, “ our good master thought had you slept elsewhere, the bed might have been damp, therefore resigned his own to you.” Angela could not give Ricardo credit for his kind intention, but felt her fears confirmed, that she was placed here for no good purpose : this inspired her with greater courage to endeavour to make an escape. In my God alone will I confide, she mentally ejaculated ; on his

support will I rely; he will not forsake those who trust in him.

Angela was now anxious to get rid of Teresa, but she seemed to have no inclination to depart. "Shall I help to undress you lady," said she, "if you are afraid, I will stay an hour or two by your bedside." "I thank you, good Teresa," Angela replied, "I have not the least fear, and want no further assistance; be assured I shall do very well, and only require repose." "I will leave you, as you desire it," the old woman returned; "good night! I cannot help looking at you, for you are exactly what I was in my youth: I used to make men's hearts ache." She was then beginning to relate the many conquests she had achieved, when Angela again entertained her to be gone; she now, very reluctantly left the room, after recommending her charge to the protection of our Holy Mother and all the saints in the calendar. Angela immediately barred the door, to prevent further interruption: she now anxiously longed

for the hour when every one would be at rest, that she might make the attempt to get free from the dangers with which she was encompassed.

On locking round the room, she perceived a small door by the side of the bed, which she found led only into a closet; she took the lamp and entered, that she might examine it. She saw on one side a painting of the Virgin, on the other the crucifix of our Saviour, both so faded, that the original colours were not easily distinguished; there was also, on some shelves, a collection of books from the best French, Italian, and German Authors. Angela took up one, but found her mind was too much agitated to allow her to read; she then replaced the book on the shelf, and threw herself into a chair by the fireside, where she remained wrapt in thought. Soon silence reigned in every part of the castle; on this, she arose from her seat, to put her design into execution; she debated for a few minutes, which door she

should venture at ; she concluded the back staircase was the safest, and that possibly it might lead to some private door of the castle from which she could more easily escape than the one she had entered. After Angela had recommended herself to the protection of her God, with a trembling hand, she took up the lamp, and on opening the door, perceived a narrow stone spiral staircase ; with more courage than she thought she had been possessed of, she began to descend the steps, and when she came to the bottom, she entered a vaulted passage ; the water stood in large drops upon the walls, and the excessive damp caused her light to burn so dimly, that she could with difficulty see to explore her way. On proceeding further, she came to a door, secured by a bolt, which in vain she attempted to draw back ; it was clogged with rust, and appeared not to have been undone for many years ; by her repeated efforts, from the rotten state of the wood work, the staples drew out, and the bolt fell to the ground. On opening the door, she was so

covered with a cloud of dust, that it was some time before she could discern where she was; she however felt the fresh air blow upon her, and imagined her labours were at an end, but soon perceived the air proceeded from an aperture in the roof of a building, which had been the chapel of the castle; the now solitary aisles were covered with remnants of mutilated marble pillars, and near where she entered were the remains of a magnificent altar. She looked round, with anxiety, to find some opening by which she might escape; but, to her infinite mortification, there was none; she then sat down on a broken pillar, and burst into a flood of tears. "Alas!" she said, "is there no remedy for my misfortunes? and have I left my father's house to plunge myself, if possible, into greater difficulties than I there sustained? This surely is a judgment on me for my disobedience." As she kept her eyes fixed upon a dark corner of the chapel, she thought she saw a human figure glide along one of the

aisles ; terrified beyond description she attempted to rise, but felt herself suddenly pulled back, on which she gave a loud shriek and fainted !

CHAP. III.



WHEN Angela recovered her senses the lamp was extinguished, and it had been daylight some time; on looking round, she blushed at her fears, as she perceived the cause of her alarm proceeded only from a part of her dress being entangled with the broken pillar on which she sat, and impeded her rising. As her limbs were benumbed with cold, she knew she must have been a considerable while in a senseless state.

On taking another view of the place, her attention was attracted by a large door, which was partly open; thinking she might yet

escape before any one was stirring, she determined to try that way. On pushing the door back, she entered a lofty stone passage of considerable length ; whose antique casements, covered with dust and ivy, just reflected sufficient light for her to see it was the grand entrance to the chapel : Angela, with a trembling, agitated step, proceeded to the end of it ; the hollow blasts of wind, through the broken panes of glass, made her frequently imagine she heard the sound of distant voices. But she reflected the night was far spent before the Cavaliers retired to rest ; it was midnight when she entered the castle, and all was not silent within its walls until a very short time before she left her chamber. This thought gave her courage to proceed.

On reaching the end of the passage, she found herself in the hall she had first entered : Angela now saw no chance of effecting her escape, and exclaimed, with a deep sigh, " Must I still be immured with robbers and assassins ? and is there no relief ? yet I will

make one effort more ; despair will lend me strength, and I will try to open the wicket of the castle gate." Buoyed up with this faint glimpse of hope, she hurried towards the entrance of the hall, but the door was too well secured for her feeble arm to unclose ; in vain she tried to withdraw the massy bolts ; in vain she endeavoured to turn the ponderous key ; yet she was unwilling to abandon this her last resource, until she plainly heard the sound of footsteps ; fear then lent her wings, and she flew almost breathless to the stone staircase she had before ascended. Anxious to gain her chamber, the only secure place left, she ran forward until she reached the corridor ; here she paused, for a moment, to consider which door she should enter ; at length she opened one and was in the room, before she perceived it was not the apartment she had left. But indescribable were the sensations of Angela when she saw one of the banditti asleep on a couch opposite to her ; swift as lightning she retraced her steps, and entered another

door, which was that of the room contiguous to her chamber. After having secured herself from intrusion, she laid down upon the bed in an agony of mind beyond description; tears at last came to her relief, and nature being quite exhausted with fatigue, she sunk into a profound sleep.

Ricardo after taking leave of Angela, did not join his companions, but retired to his apartment, a prey to corroding anguish; her image had made a deep impression on his heart, her youthful beauty, and the generous confidence she had placed in him, contributed to inspire him with the tenderest affection for her. Angela was now about twenty, tall and well made, her soft languishing blue eyes indicated the sensibility of her heart; and the effusions of gratitude that beamed in them, when turned upon her deliverer, made her lovely countenance appear doubly fascinating.

Ricardo experienced a very restless night,

adding fuel to a flame which he knew his present situation rendered hopeless. "Can I suppose," he said, "that she will deign to listen to a man who, in one fatal moment, has fallen from his rank in life; is outlawed by his country, and driven to take refuge with a band of robbers? Did she know however, that avenging the wrongs of a sister has brought me to it, she would pity, if she could not love." On reflection he determined not to disclose his passion to the object that inspired it, until he should be enabled to resume his real name and title; and in case such a fortunate event should ever happen, he would endeavour to discover some means to change the name of her family and connections, that he might have some clue to direct him where to find her. He dreaded the moment of her leaving the castle, yet he knew not of any pretext that he could form to detain her longer: as he had pledged his word, that no restraint should be laid upon her inclination, he resolved not even to attempt to persuade her to remain another day. He was convinced

that to a delicate, susceptible mind, her present situation must be beyond description painful; and yet he said, "Can I permit her to wander helpless and unprotected?—can I suffer her gentle nature to be again agitated by the insults of some ferocious villain? No, I will protect her at the hazard of my life, and never quit her, until she is placed in perfect safety." For this purpose, he determined to provide her with a swift horse, and accompany her, in the disguise of a peasant, to the place of her destination: having come to this resolution, he longed for the morning, that he might be enabled to communicate to her his intentions.

Angela was so completely fatigued, both in body and mind, when she laid down, that she slept until a very late hour; and was then only awakened by the loud and repeated knockings of Teresa at her door. "Lady, lady," she vociferated, "for Heaven's sake answer me, are you alive? are you well?" "Yes, yes, good Teresa," Angela replied on

opening the door, "I am quite well, but excess of fatigue has caused me to sleep beyond my usual hour." "Oh, both Captain Ricardo and myself," the old woman resumed, "have been dreadfully frightened on your account; for I made noise enough at your door to awake the dead, and no one answered; I will go and tell him, thanks to our holy Mother, you are safe." With this she hobbled out of the room.

After Angela had adjusted her dress, she retired to the closet in the chamber, and there spent a short time in offering her thanks to the Almighty, for the protection he had afforded her during the night. "To thee, O God," she said, "I will look up; in thee will I trust; pardon the sins of thy erring creature; relieve her from her present situation; and guide her wandering steps to a place of safety: soften the sorrows of those dear parents from whom I am obliged to fly, and grant I may once more be restored to my paternal roof." Angela now felt that true

consolation, which always arises from devotion; and with a mind composed, as the peculiar circumstances of her case would permit, she quitted the chamber.

On entering the adjoining room, she found a good fire burning on the hearth, and old Teresa busy preparing breakfast. As she longed most anxiously for the hour that would enable her to quit these walls, she went to the window to observe the weather, and could see no object there but a thick wood; the leafless trees of which shew the desolation of approaching winter; the sun had shone, when she first arose, but was now obscured by clouds; and the whole horizon appeared big with some impending storm. † Angela shuddered with apprehension, lest the weather should afford an excuse to Ricardo for detaining her; before she quitted the window the rain came down in torrents; but she consoled herself with the hope, that it was but a temporary storm, which would speedily expend its violence; then the clouds would dis-

perse, and the sun shine forth brighter from its obscurity. With this faint hope, she sat down to breakfast.

Angela had no sooner finished her hasty repast, than Ricardo begged to be admitted; he had hitherto shewn such delicacy in every instance towards her, that she could frame no pretext for refusing his request. But she no longer looked upon him as her brave and generous protector; and felt fully convinced, now she knew his occupation, that no honourable motive could have induced him to bring her hither: she therefore trembled at the idea of seeing him, but it was unavoidable.

In a few moments after, she had signified her consent, Ricardo appeared; the averted look, the down-cast eye of Angela, convinced him her sentiments were altered; he saw suspicion and mistrust had taken place in her breast, of confidence and gratitude; he approached her, enquired after her health, and

how she had rested? She made no answer, until after a short pause, when she threw herself upon her knees, and exclaimed in an agony of grief, "Tell me, I conjure you tell me, for what purpose I am brought hither; keep me not in suspense, but let me know the worst at once." Her beautiful countenance was bathed in tears, and her supplicating eyes pleaded more powerfully than all the force of eloquence. Ricardo gently raised her up, and said, "Why these tears, why is that confidence withdrawn you yesterday placed in me?—have I in aught offended you?—or has my conduct in any instance been such as to give one moment's pain to your susceptible breast. Believe me, I am not conscious that I can have occasioned the slightest blush on the cheek of delicacy." "Convince me," Angela replied, "that your intentions are honourable, by setting me free this instant." "You are free," Ricardo answered, "be assured you reign perfect mistress here, and may depart when you think proper; but I cannot consent to send you again into the world

alone and friendless ! I will accompany you to a place of safety, and until then will be your guardian and protector." "I want no protector but my God," she replied ; "oh, let me beseech you to think no more of the wretched Angela, but leave her to her fate!" "Never, never," exclaimed Ricardo, "will I quit you, until you are free from danger ; remember the situation from which I delivered you ; your life, your honour about to be sacrificed to a villain ; remember similar dangers may a second time surround you, when Ricardo's arm cannot come to your relief. Can I suffer this delicate frame to be again exposed to insult ?—again to undergo fatigue of body and mind, beyond its strength to bear ? I have two horses ready, and soon as the storm abates I will conduct you wherever you direct me." "Let me entreat you," cried Angela, "to desist from your intention, and leave me to pursue my wayward course alone." "In all else," Ricardo resumed, "I will obey you ; but I must not, will not be denied the heart-felt pleasure of accompany-

ing you to the end of your journey, and of seeing you to a place of security ; do not forbid me this gratification ; do not injure me by cruel and unmerited suspicion. Were I that villain you imagine—had I any intentions destructive to your peace and virtue—can there be a place more suited to accomplish them than the present ; for here I reign sole master ?—but to convince you of the honour and integrity of my designs, I am ready to throw open the castle gates this moment and set you free ; all I ask is permission to guard your wandering steps to a safe asylum.

Angela seemed in some degree convinced, by the arguments of Ricardo ; but, she could not reconcile such generous conduct with a profession so ignoble, and said, “ Is it possible that one who lives by plunder and rapine, can be the disinterested protector of virtue ? ”

“ Alas ! ” Ricardo replied, “ did you know my sad story, you would pity me, and lament

the direful necessity which has driven me to a course of life that revolts against my nature; I cannot now relate it, but should we ever meet again, I will tell you all. Until then suffice it to say, that though leagued with a daring desperate banditti, this band was never yet imbrued in blood; never was the poor traveller oppressed, but often relieved; I only take as much as our necessities require from those whose niggard and unfeeling hearts hoard up their wealth, rather than distribute some of it to their needy brethren. I accepted the offer to be leader of the party, that my authority might restrain their excesses. Do not imagine the wretch from whom I saved you, was a companion of mine; he was only a menial domestic, who took advantage of the darkness of the night to separate himself, in quest of plunder; but the villain has met his reward. I flatter myself with the hope the time is not far distant, when I shall be restored to the rank in society I have left, and be more worthy to be the companion of virtue."

Deep contrition and repentance were so strongly imprinted on the expressive countenance of Ricardo, that Angela could no longer entertain a doubt of his integrity, and determined to be guided by him in future. She turned an anxious eye frequently to the window, hoping the storm would in some degree abate ; but the rain beat against the casement with redoubled violence ; and the wind threatened to level the crazy battlements of the castle with the ground ; its hollow blasts resounded through the building, and appeared to shake it to its foundation. Although the idea of passing another night in the castle was a source of great inquietude to her, she found it unavoidable, as there was no prospect of her commencing her journey on that day.

CHAP. IV.



RICARDO, by his kind attention, gained on Angela every moment ; the emotions of gratitude, which had for a time been subdued, again burst forth, and she no longer beheld him in any other light than that of her brave and generous deliverer. Her heart whispered she might confide in him ; on his repeated and earnest entreaties, she at length consented he should pass the remainder of the day with her.

Ricardo endeavoured to raise her drooping spirits, by reading to Angela some of his favorite authors ; which gave her an opportu-

nity of admiring the taste he had displayed in the selection; and the strength and energy of a mind his present situation had not impaired. The elegance of his manners convinced her his birth was noble, and that nothing but the most urgent necessity could have induced him to adopt his present dishonourable mode of life.

In the course of conversation, Angela informed him she had been driven from her paternal roof, to avoid being married to one she hated. The first wish of her father was, that his daughter might form an alliance which would increase the rank and consequence her birth had given her; an offer of that nature was received by him with avidity, and the inclinations of the daughter were to be sacrificed to the ambition of the father. His nature was too stubborn, and he was too inflexible in his resolutions, for either prayers or tears, to move him. "This I well knew," exclaimed Angela; "but that I might have no cause of self-reproach, I was determined

to make the trial :—as soon, however, might I attempt an impression on the rugged flint, or adamantine rock. Finding the faintest hope was vanished, and that the next morning was to give me to the arms of the man I detested, I resolved to have recourse to flight ; in the middle of the night I left my home, without the knowledge of any one, but a confidential servant. I was well assured the only emotion my father would experience, was resentment that his favorite plan should be thus rendered abortive ; but I felt severely for the pangs I was about to give my excellent mother. I know I am planting a dagger in her maternal bosom ; however I trust, when she hears I am well and in safety, she will not condemn the step I have taken to prevent the sacrifice of her child.”

“ I wandered some way before I could collect my scattered thoughts sufficiently to form any plan, that I could pursue ; at length I resolved to fly for shelter to an intimate friend, who had formerly been the sharer of

every secret of my breast ; our griefs and joys were reciprocally felt by each ; from infancy we were brought up together, and never knew a day's absence, until, about a twelvemonths since, she gave her hand to a nobleman who had long been in possession of her heart. The day after the nuptials she left me, and went to reside on an estate of her husband's in Germany. I am assured she will receive her unfortunate friend with open arms, and thither I was directing my steps, when you so providentially arrived to my rescue.

Ricardo longed most anxiously to know whether the dislike of Angela to the union proposed proceeded from any prior attachment, and would fain have asked the question, but his tongue denied its office, fearing he should be deemed impertinently curious ; therefore he determined to endure all the anguish of suspense, rather than offend his fair charge, and leave it to time to unravel. "Be it my care," he said, "to shield and

guard you from every danger, until I can restore you to the society of your inestimable friend; her kindness and assiduity will soothe your sorrows; she will administer the balm of consolation to your wounded breast; under her hospitable roof, you will recover your tranquillity; and I shall feel blest in being the happy instrument to conduct you to her.”

“Never! never!” Angela replied, “can this bosom again know tranquillity, until I am reconciled to those dear parents cruel necessity has forced me to abandon. My mother, I am confident, would clasp me in her embrace with all the warmth of maternal affection; but ah! my father, I fear I must never see him more.”

“Time,” replied Ricardo, “may again awaken his regard, and teach him to glory in such a daughter.”

“No, too well I know him,” Angela answered; “nothing but the sacrifice of my peace and happiness can reconcile him; his resolutions once taken are as unalterably fixed as fate—not even the lenient hand of time can soften him.”

“Flinty indeed must that heart be,” Ricardo

resumed, "that can let you sue in vain ; he who can turn a deaf ear to such intreaties, must have a breast of adamant."

The day was now far gone, and the lowering clouds held forth no hope of a change of the weather ; the rain still beat furiously *against the windows, and the vaulted roofs* of the castle echoed with the violence of the wind ; its turrets shook, and great fears were entertained lest the northern tower, which was more in decay than any other part, should soon fall a shapeless ruin : it blew a complete hurricane, and had already levelled some of the stoutest trees of the forest with the ground. All danger however felt light to Angela, compared to that of remaining longer where she was ; she had no fears of Ricardo, but she knew not what his companions might attempt. There was not, however, any resource ; consequently she was obliged to await her farther destiny, with as much patience as she could summon to her aid. Her conductor had promised, if the

storm abated, she should depart at break of day ; he advised her to retire early to rest, that she might be the better able to bear the fatigue of the journey ; then took his leave for the night, and once more left her to the care of old Teresa.

Angela was deeply impressed with the kindness of her deliverer, in whom she placed the greatest confidence ; but the blush of delicacy tinged her cheek, when she reflected she was about to entrust herself with a perfect stranger. “ Alas ! ” she said, “ what else can I do ? what evils follow one rash step ! ” Teresa retired with Angela to the chamber, and assisted her to undress ; when, after having promised to call her at day-light, she quitted the apartment.

Angela immediately secured the door, and was soon in a sweet and composed sleep ; she had not enjoyed this balmy repose from her cares more than two hours, when she was awoke by the firing of musquetry, which re-

sounded through the old building like the reverberations of thunder. At first she could not believe but it was a dream ; nor was she fully convinced of its reality, until she saw the flashes of the guns lighten the whole atmosphere : all seemed hurry and confusion. "To arms, to arms, or we are lost !" was vociferated by many voices. The firing redoubled both from the outside and the ramparts of the castle ; therefore it was evident two parties were engaging each other. In the intervals of the firing, she distinctly heard the voice of Ricardo giving directions.

Angela knew Teresa's room was not far off, and having hastily put on her clothes, determined, if possible, to find it ; her lamp was totally extinguished, so that it was with great difficulty she found the door of her apartment ; with a trembling hand she opened it, and endeavoured to pursue her way along the corridor which led to the staircase. The firing continued with little intermission, and her bosom was torn with a thousand agoni-

zing fears, lest her only friend and protector should be among the number of the fallen; she shuddered with horror at the idea of being left totally defenceless in the power of a daring banditti, for she despaired of meeting with another Ricardo. She had got about half through the corridor, and was exploring the way with her hands extended before her, when she touched some person standing against the wall; her presence of mind did not forsake her, and having called all the courage she could summon to her aid, she cried out in a loud tone, "Who, and what are you?" No answer was returned, but a violent scream:—on the question being repeated, "Oh! dear lady, is it you?" uttered a voice, which she knew to be old Teresa's. "I was hastening to your apartment, when I heard the steps of somebody advancing toward me; my fears then became so great that I had no power to move, and imagining it to be one of the people who are attacking the castle, I made sure they would give me no quarter, but kill all they met. Being

certain my old limbs could never move quick enough to make my escape, I determined to remain where I was, hoping to get off undiscovered ; and after having recommended myself to our holy Mother, got close to the wall as possible ; but when I felt your hand fear nearly deprived me of my senses, and expecting nothing but instant death, I gave the scream you heard :—happy indeed am I to find it is only you.” “What is the matter?” said Angela. “Indeed lady, I know not ; the castle is, I fear, attacked by some soldiers who have found out the retreat of our cavaliers, and that living ghosts reside here ;—oh, dear, dear lady, we shall all be certainly murdered—how dreadful the guns resound in this old castle !” “Take courage Teresa,” replied Angela ; “there is a good God who will not forsake us ; we will try to gain the staircase, and you shall then endeavour to find some one who can give you information which way the battle is likely to be decided.

The old woman held fast by the arm of her

fair charge, and impeded her way; every joint of her was palsied with fear. Angela was not much better; the long continuance of the firing, and doubting what might be the fate of Ricardo, made almost all her fortitude forsake her. With a faltering step she was feeling her way to the staircase, when on a sudden she saw at a distance the glimmering of a torch, and on advancing a little nearer, she perceived the figure of a man running toward her in great haste; sometimes he was lost in the windings of the corridor, and at other times she had a distinct view of him. She determined to learn the extent of their danger, and if possible gain some intelligence of Ricardo:—as the man was hastily passing without perceiving her she laid hold of his arm, and in a tone of agitation and dismay cried, “Stop, I conjure you stop!” He stared at her for a moment; terror was strongly depicted in his countenance; the torch fell from his hand, and he ran back the way he came, without uttering

a word : the light was extinguished in its fall, and they were again left in darkness.

Angela could not conjecture the cause of such singular conduct, until it was explained by Teresa. "Dear lady," she said, "you have frightened the man out of his senses." "How could I frighten him?" Angela replied. "Never having before seen you," the old woman answered, "nor having heard of you being in the castle, he certainly took you for one of the ghosts which the peasants believe reside here." Angela thought this conclusion very natural to take place in a superstitious mind, and that it accounted for the man's alarm; she hoped it might be the cause of it; as until this moment she did not reflect of the imprudence she had inadvertently been guilty, in thus having discovered herself to one of the banditti.

Angela moved forward quick, as the darkness would permit, and as she advanced the

firing was heard much plainer; every volley of musquetry resounded through the lofty hall with redoubled force, and the agitation of her breast at the tremendous noise, was almost too much for her tender frame to support. Had she not been possessed of great strength of mind, she would have sunk under the trial; at length she reached the head of the staircase, and by the light of a lamp which was still burning in the hall, she was enabled to proceed; it was quite deserted, not a person could she see. She had nearly descended to the bottom of the stairs, when two men entered the great door support—something, which she soon perceived was the body of one of the cavaliers, who had been killed in the combat; they carried it into the passage which led to the chapel. From the momentary glance Angela had of it, she felt convinced it was Ricardo; the face was turned from her, but in size and make it much resembled him. The dreadful thought that she was now most probably bereft of her only protector, rent her heart.

with anguish unutterable ; she gave a deep sigh, and had she not caught hold of the bannisters for support must have fallen. It was some little time before she could recover herself, as all her faculties were absorbed in the 'contemplation of the melancholy sight to which she had just been witness ; she remained in an apparent insensible state, until Teresa had repeatedly called out, " Lady, lady, the firing has ceased." This at length aroused Angela from the stupor she was in, and she faintly articulated, " What do you say Teresa ?" " The firing has ceased lady, and the soldiers are driven from before the castle ; don't you hear our cavaliers shouting at having gained the victory ?" " I hear nothing," replied Angela ; " would it had pleased Heaven that the firing had sooner ceased—ceased before Ricardo had fallen." " The cavalier that is dead may not be our captain," Teresa answered. " Too well," Angela said with much emotion, " am I convinced of the fatal truth ; it was his form, his very figure." " But lady, there is another

of our cavaliers so like him, that with their backs to you, you would not know one from the other." "Is there?" Angela replied; "then perhaps there may be some little hope; but ah! I dare not indulge it at this moment." Another shout was heard by her, and the sound of footsteps advancing towards the hall; dreading to be seen by any but Ricardo, she hastened towards her own apartment, leaving old Teresa to hobble after her fast as she was able.

CHAP. V.



GREAT was the surprise of Angela, on entering the chamber, to perceive some one had been there since she quitted it ; every thing was displaced, and the closet door left open : she well remembered that after having offered up her evening orisons to her Creator, she had carefully shut it. The faint embers of hope, which she had began to encourage, now brightened, and she trusted the unknown visitor was Ricardo ; as she conceived no one else, at so alarming a crisis, would have sought her chamber ; but this thought was soon checked by the conviction she felt that Ricardo could not have come to her until the

engagement was at an end, which was but a few minutes since, and in that case he must have met her on his return. "No," she cried, "it cannot be he; my brave protector is forever gone:"—she then threw herself on a chair, and burst into tears.

In this distress of mind Teresa found her when she entered the room. "Cease crying, dear lady," the old woman said; "I will go myself and endeavour to hear what is become of Ricardo; no doubt, God and our holy Mother have protected him." "Do not deceive me," Angela replied, "with vain hopes; but haste, haste, good Teresa, and let me know the worst at once."

Teresa now left the room, and during her absence Angela's bosom was torn with a thousand painful sensations; the conflict was almost too much for her gentle nature to support. On this moment hung her fate;—whether she was to be left a prey to lawless ruffians, or have her generous protector to

conduct her to a place of safety. The suspense was dreadful; but the strength of mind she possessed on most occasions, armed her with fortitude to await the result. Every moment now seemed a tedious hour; at length she heard the old woman approaching the chamber:—her susceptible heart beat high with expectation:—she flew to the door to meet the messenger of her fate, but saw disappointment depicted in the countenance of Teresa. “Ah! he is dead, he is dead,” Angela cried; I read it in your looks.” “I do not know Ricardo is dead,” Teresa replied, “but I cannot find him any where.” Angela now clasped her hands in an agony of grief, and exclaimed, “Then all is over, and I am left defenceless in the power of murderers and assassins! O God of Heaven, for what am I reserved!” Her tottering limbs could no longer support her, and she sunk down upon a couch.

Teresa did all she could to compose her:—
“Be not alarmed, good lady,” she said;

“there is no one to fear; all the Cavaliers have left the castle:—I saw them go out at the great gates.” Angela, anxious to catch at the faintest glimpse of hope, replied, “Perhaps Ricardo was with them?” “Oh no, he was not; I am confident he would never have gone away without you.”

Angela began to be a little more at ease when she found, although Ricardo was probably no more, yet she had nothing to apprehend from the rest of the banditti; still she dreaded going forward on her journey alone and unattended, fearing she might meet with similar dangers.

After some consideration, she determined to arm herself with resolution, and endeavour to find the body of the Cavalier who was killed, that she might positively ascertain whether it was Ricardo:—as the inhabitants of the castle were gone, she thought she might venture in search of it without fear of discovery. She then asked Tercsa, if she

knew where the body was placed? "No doubt in the chapel," was the reply of Teresa. "Dare you go with me and look at it?" "Not for the world, lady; I should be afraid the apparition of the dead Cavalier would appear to me." "Then I will go alone," Angela said, "for I fear no apparitions."

Angela, upon reflection, thought she could go much quicker without Teresa, and that her presence would only add to her alarms. If it should be Ricardo, she was apprehensive the shock would be too great for her; she was however prepared for the worst, and trusted her fortitude would support her under the trial. Angela determined to go by the back staircase, it being the nearest way, and her fears consequently be the sooner confirmed or dissipated. She said no more to Teresa, but hastily descended the stairs, and soon reached the door of the chapel;—here she stopped, her heart failed her, her limbs trembled; twice did she attempt to enter, and as often retreated; at length, ashamed

at her resolution, she rushed forward into the chapel, but could not see the body ; she went to the farther end, still nothing was to be found ; she then turned to regain the door by which she had entered, and perceived something laying upon the altar, which, on approaching nearer, Angela discovered to be the dreadful object of her search. A cold shivering seized her at the sight, and she stood for some moments fixed to the spot ; then with a slow and solemn pace, ascended the mutilated steps that led to it. The body was covered with a cloth, and without that was removed the purport of her coming must be defeated. This was another trial for her fortitude ; she however determined to go through with it—therefore approached the corpse, with a trembling hand lifted up that part which concealed the face, and saw *it was not Ricardo* ; then clasped her hands together, and involuntarily exclaimed, “ Heaven be praised, my protector yet lives ! ”—and with this hurried from the fatal spot. She soon regained her chamber ;

when, from the fatigue of mind she had undergone, and the impression the scene just witnessed had made upon her, she fell upon the bed quite exhausted.

The sight was too much for the susceptible bosom of Angela, for although it was not her deliverer that was dead, she felt much shocked at beholding a cavalier, who, but an hour or two before was blooming with the glow of health, now cut off in the morning of his days and stretched forth a lifeless corpse. She remained some time reflecting on the event; she had, at present, every reason to suppose Ricardo was alive; and if so, his conduct was very mysterious; yet she was confident that he would not willingly have gone away, and left her thus unprotected. She generously scorned to harbour a doubt of his sincerity after what had passed, and was firmly convinced he had only flown from the danger of the moment; but when he could return with safety he would do it, and conduct her to her friend.

Angela was roused from her reverie by the entrance of Teresa, who had been in search of her : " Oh Lady," she said, breathless with agitation, " I thought I had lost you ; I dare not go down the back stairs, but I went to the chapel the other way. I would not for all the world have entered it, but stood at the door listening for the sound of your footsteps ;—all was silent ;—I consequently supposed you were gone, therefore hurried back fast as my legs could carry me : for to tell you the truth, lady, I do not like to be alone in this old castle. Ah ! I doubt you have not found our good Captain ?" " I have not indeed !" " Then they have not taken the body to the chapel." " Yes, I have seen it, but it is not Ricardo." " I am glad of it ; perhaps he lives." " I trust and hope he does," Angela replied ; " probably he may have secreted himself somewhere in the castle until he is assured the invaders of its peace are retired ; I am confident he cannot be far ; we will look for him, if you dare venture with me Teresa." " I will go any where

with you, dear lady," she answered, "except to visit the dead."

Angela was now a little revived, and accompanied by the old woman, went first to the apartment where Ricardo had slept the night before ; she hesitated to go in for some time through delicacy, as it was possible he might be there ; but reflection soon convinced her the idea was delusive, and she followed Teresa into the room. No one was to be seen ; it was a large chamber with long narrow casements, the glass of which being incrustated with dust, obscured the light ; some remnants of ancient tapestry remained attached to the wall, while other parts had fallen down, and laid mouldering on the floor. There was a bed at the farther end, but great was her surprise when on it she saw the very clothes Ricardo had worn at their last meeting ; also on a marble slab was placed his helmet and his sabre. A thousand different sensations took possession of her breast at this sight, so unexpected ; there was a mystery hanging

about his fate, which Angela could not elucidate; she however still felt an internal conviction that he was alive, and would soon return.

Teresa now believed Ricardo was really gone, and trembled with fear; which Angela observing, inquired what was the matter with her? She replied, "Oh lady, what a dreadful thing it is to be shut up in this old castle by ourselves; I dare not sleep here, for all the world; every noise I heard I should think it was a ghost." "Take courage," answered Angela, "there are no ghosts, depend upon it; I thought you had lived here too long to harbour such foolish thoughts." "Yes but lady, they certainly walked here before the Cavaliers came, and will assuredly return now they are gone; pray let us quit this dismal place directly." "You may go Teresa, but I shall remain longer, to see whether Ricardo returns: while there is an Almighty to protect me, I fear no evil."

As Angela was quitting the room, she saw a small piece of paper laying on the floor; curiosity induced her to pick it up. It appeared to be part of a letter; on it was written, in a female hand, "Alas, my too unfortunate St. Alme!" Imagining it to be of no importance she threw it down, and proceeded in her search. She, with Teresa, then descended the great staircase, and found nothing but silence and solitude reigning in the hall. Having now no fear of interruption, Angela stopped and gazed with astonishment on the lofty pillars that supported the arched and sculptured roof, gradually falling into decay. They appeared once to have been of polished marble, but the traces of what they were could with difficulty be distinguished, being so defaced by the destructive hand of time. She stood wrapt in meditation on the objects that surrounded her:—"Can we wonder," she said to herself, "that our weak frames should so soon sink under their burden, when the strongest buildings are levelled with the dust!" She next went to the outer

door of the hall, and walked down the formerly magnificent, but now broken flight of steps, which led to it; then entered the spacious castle yard, once filled with vassals of the stately owner, where now naught but desolation appeared; the pavement was quite overgrown with grass; and the walls, which in other times resounded with minstrelsy and mirth, were fast crumbling into ruin; the massy gates were thrown back on their ponderous hinges, and left quite open.

Angela having proceeded so far, determined to look at the outside of the castle, which much rejoiced old Teresa, who concluded she was leaving it for ever. "Ah! Lady," she cried, "I thought you would soon be tired of this dreary place; good Heaven be praised, you have altered your mind." Angela made no reply, but deeply reflecting on the instability of all human affairs, walked slowly forward, until she had passed the gate, when she turned round to look at the castle; its stupendous battlements were encircled

with ivy ; they appeared ready to fall, and overwhelm all beneath with destruction. Here and there lay scattered round parts of the lofty towers, and there was every prospect of the whole being soon levelled with its base. It was situated in the middle of the forest, whose trees, when covered with foliage, almost obscured it from the view. There was much grandeur and sublimity in its appearance, which struck the beholder with awe :—the portal had once been magnificent, but the ravages of time had left only the remains of its former splendor ; the arch-way was broken, and the beauty of its symmetry destroyed.

Angela stood in deep contemplation of the surrounding ruins, while Teresa thought every moment a tedious age, until she got farther from the castle ; when she had looked for a considerable time upon the objects which surrounded her, she turned her eyes upon the ground, and saw near the spot, where she was, the track of blood. Such a

sight changed the bloom of her animated countenance to a death-like paleness, more especially when she reflected, that this lately was the scene of human slaughter; a few hours before, in that very place, some one most probably had been suddenly precipitated into eternity. This idea made her shudder with horror; an universal trembling seized her, and she took hold of Teresa's arm for her feeble support.

Angela, when a little recovered from her fright, saw a peasant at a distance running towards her, and not wishing to subject herself to his curiosity, hurried back with old Teresa into the castle. The man ran with so much speed, that by the time she had reached the hall, she heard his wooden shoes resounding upon the pavement in the yard, and before she got to the staircase her own name vibrated on her ear; it was the voice of Ricardo. She hastily looked back, but saw only the figure of the peasant. "Mademoiselle Fitzormond, do you not know me?"

the same voice again repeated, and the next moment Ricardo was by her side. Have I at last found you," he said; "am I again so blest as to become your protector! I was afraid the tumult had been too much for your gentle nature to support." "Blessed Virgin!" cried Teresa, "it is he himself." Angela was so overjoyed and confused, that it was some little time before she was enabled to speak; but her expressive countenance evidently showed the satisfaction she derived from his return. "Where, where have you been?" she uttered in an hurried tone; I thought my deliverer had forsaken me." "Never, never will he do it, until you are in safety," Ricardo replied; "but you seem faint; allow me to conduct you to your apartment, and after having partaken of some refreshment, I will account to you for my absence."

Angela had been so taken up with the events of the past night, and Teresa so agitated by her fears, that neither thought of eating; they both now felt languid for the

want of food, therefore she permitted her conductor to follow her to her apartment, and Teresa was desired to bring some provisions thither. She soon returned, when Ricardo, with the utmost tenderness and solicitude, besought Angela to partake of something. He had an exhilarating cordial, of which, with much persuasion, she drank a glass; she soon experienced its animating power, and found herself revived by it; but nothing except sleep could again perfectly restore her. She had little rest the night before, and her mind ever since she was awakened by the firing, had been a prey to agitation and alarm; the scenes she had just witnessed were too deeply engraven on her youthful breast to be easily effaced. "I am better," she said, in answer to the tender inquiries of Ricardo, "since my protector has been restored to me; and am anxious to know whither you have been, and when we shall leave this gloomy mansion?"

"The instant the contest was for a moment

suspended," Ricardo replied, "I hurried to your chamber, that I might be assured of your safety; and in order to go privately as possible, I ascended the back staircase. "Ah, by that means," Angela exclaimed, "I missed you?" "Soon as I had gained your apartment, I called you by name repeatedly, but receiving no answer I entered, and great was my surprise to find you were gone: a thousand anxious fears alarmed me, and I trembled for your fate. At one time I imagined you had been discovered, and taken away by some of the banditti; at another that impelled by terror you had voluntarily forsaken the castle, and fled for shelter to the surrounding forest, where you must inevitably become subject to the insults of a licentious soldiery. I was ruminating on what measures I had better adopt, to take you from the dangers that awaited you, when the firing again commenced, and I was obliged to return to the ramparts. Soon as the engagement was ended, and the vanquished soldiers had retreated, it was resolved we should all

leave the castle, and each to avoid suspicion take a different road ; as we had no doubt our retreat being discovered, but that we should shortly be again attacked by a greater force. I endeavoured to derive consolation from the hope, that you might be secreted in the forest ; therefore went to my chamber and put on this dress, which I had prepared for the purpose of accompanying you on your journey : thus disguised I determined to explore the most private recesses of the wood in search of you.

I was returning, melancholy and dejected at my ill success, with the very faint hope of finding you in the castle, when at a distance I perceived two female figures near the gates ; and my heart vibrated with joy on discovering them to be my lost charge and old Teresa.

“Many, many thanks to you, my kind deliverer,” Angela replied, “for this generous solicitude for a perfect stranger. I am anxious to be on my journey—when shall we

depart?" "To-morrow, soon as it is light."
"Why not now?" "Alas!" answered her protector, "your spirits are beyond your strength; the fatigue of body and mind you have this day undergone, renders it impossible for you to quit the castle to night."
"But can we remain here in safety, for I do indeed find myself unequal to the task?"
"It is not probable," Ricardo resumed, "that the soldiers will return so soon; but while you retire to rest I will watch upon the ramparts, and at the smallest symptom of alarm we can leave the castle by a secret way, which opens into the thickest part of the forest; my horses are there ready saddled, and will soon remove us far from danger.

Angela thanked her conductor for the kind interest he took in her fate, and lamented her want of power to reward him for it. "I seek no reward," was the answer of Ricardo; "the pleasure of assisting you amply repays me; permit me now to advise you to retire to rest, as you look very languid and weak.

May God grant you that repose, of which you stand so much in need." Angela expressed her fears lest his health should be injured on her account; as after the fatigue of the preceding night, he must be ill calculated to watch. "Think not of me," he replied; "the idea of being your protector will dispel all fatigue." He then wished her good night, and repaired to the ramparts.

The night passed without any molestation, and at the earliest dawn of day Ricardo desired Angela might be called; the morning was fine for the season of the year, the air frosty and clear. At the first signal from Teresa, she arose, and after having spent a few minutes in imploring the protection of that Omnipotent Being to whom alone we can apply for succour and consolation, joined Ricardo; who said to her, "I need not ask how you have rested; the return of the roses to your cheeks, tells me you have regained your former strength, and are now fit to encounter your journey." "Yes indeed, I am

quite well," she replied, "and ready this instant to attend you." Ricardo, however, would not permit her to depart, until she had partaken of some refreshment, which Teresa, by his order, had prepared. "Good Heavens, what is to become of me?" the old woman exclaimed, in evident alarm. "Of that I have not been unmindful," Ricardo replied; "you were so long confined in this place, that you are not at all known in the next village; there you may settle without any fear of discovery, and I will supply you with the means." When they had taken an hasty repast, Angela was led by her protector to the court-yard, where the horses were brought; and after old Teresa had invoked the blessed Virgin and all the Saints in the calendar to prosper their undertaking, they left the castle, and were soon lost in the windings of the wood.

CHAP. VI.



THE road they had to take was black, dreary and comfortless; although their horses were very good, it was impossible they could reach the end of their journey for several days. Angela was alarmed with many fears, lest absence should have diminished her friend's regard, and in that case she would be deprived of the only asylum which was left her; these fears, on reflection, were soon discarded, and she began to anticipate in imagination the joy this unexpected meeting would mutually afford them. Their friendship for each other she believed to be equally strong, equally sincere, and was the affection.

of sisters ; it had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength ; the pleasing idea of once more enjoying the society of the friend, next to her parents, most dear to her on earth, made Angela forget her sorrows. Her expressive countenance now beamed with animation, at the prospect she anticipated ; her eyes also spoke most forcibly her gratitude to her deliverer, for the signal service he had rendered her.

The breast of Ricardo glowed with love and admiration ; the more he conversed with his fair charge, the more he felt attached to her ; he beheld with surprise the excellence of her understanding, and the ripening virtues of her mind ; but greatly was the happiness he experienced in her society diminished, when he remembered it would soon be lost to him, perhaps for ever. He was often on the point of declaring the indelible impression her many perfections had made upon him ; of avowing his ardent, unalterable affection ; but, alas ! he reflected, can I

suppose her pure and delicate mind will listen to a wretched outlaw, a companion of robbers and midnight plunderers? It would be an insult to her understanding to mention such a subject. He was fully convinced of the necessity of his silence, until he could appear before her, restored to his illustrious friends and former rank in society, which he trusted would one day be accomplished.

After travelling some hours, Ricardo stopt at a peasant's cottage, that they might take some refreshment, and produced the remains of their morning's repast, which he had taken with him from the castle, knowing they would meet but with indifferent accommodation on the road; his safety requiring that they should deviate from the direct route, and travel with as much privacy as possible. The keen air of the morning, and the exercise of riding, made this refreshment most welcome to Angela; she was prevailed upon by Ricardo to take a glass of wine, after which she found her strength invigorated, and was fully

equal to the task of completing that day's journey. Soon as the horses had eaten what provender could be procured for them, they departed from the cottage, with the hope of being enabled to reach the village where they intended to pass the night before dark.

The contemplative mind of Angela, when she beheld the leafless trees and barren fields, which so lately bloomed with full luxuriance, could not help drawing a comparison between that and the human frame. "Alas!" she said, "no sooner do we arrive at the summit of health and vigour, than we verge gradually toward decay; no sooner are the blossoms of youth ripened into perfection, than the frigid hand of age causes them to droop, fade, and die."

Ricardo was so much fascinated with the conversation of Angela, and she was so gratified with his polished manners, depth of knowledge, and tender solicitude, that the time glided away imperceptibly, and they

arrived at the end of their journey for that day sooner than they expected.

On entering the village they were directed to the "Lion d'or," which was the only house where any accommodation could be had : the neatness of the inside, corresponded with the cleanliness of the outside ; and the host and hostess received them at the door, with the smile of welcome. But, upon inquiry, they found they could only be accommodated with one bed ; this was a difficulty Ricardo thought nothing of, as Angela was provided for ; but she could not bear the idea, that after watching the whole of the last night, he should be again deprived of rest. At length, however, it was arranged that the hostess should give up her bed to to him, and sleep with a relation in the village, and mine host for once take his repose in his arm chair before the kitchen fire. This point being decided upon, they sat down to the humble fare, which alone the cabaret could produce—eggs, bacon, and

coarse bread ; the cleanliness with which it was served gave a zest to appetite ; and they made a hearty repast. Ricardo now persuaded Angela to retire to rest, that she might recruit her strength against the following day.

Early in the morning they again pursued their journey, and continued to travel without any particular occurrence for several days, each night taking up their abode at some small and obscure inn. As the delicate frame of Angela could not bear much fatigue, they were prevented from proceeding with expedition ; the nearer she drew to her friend, the better were her spirits, and the greater animation was discernible in her interesting countenance. Ricardo, on the contrary, appeared thoughtful and dejected.

As the sun was setting on the evening of the sixth day, they saw it emitting its last rays on the turrets of Warburgh Castle, which stood on so commanding an eminence

that it was seen at some distance. As they approached, its stupendous towers, its lofty battlements, and its majestic appearance, raised their admiration ; and they were lost in contemplation of this noble structure (the work of former ages) until they found themselves arrived on the edge of the moat which surrounded it, at the very moment the draw-bridge was going to be raised, which was invariably the custom every night. Ricardo immediately inquired for the Countess Warburgh ; but was told, she could not be spoken with until the next day, as after sun-set no stranger was ever admitted into the castle. Angela requested the Countess might be informed, an unfortunate friend begged a few minutes audience with her ; one of the attendants answered, " It could not be done, she must come at a more seasonable hour." " But I have something of the last importance to communicate." " It matters not," was the reply, in a surly tone ; " I tell you once for all, you cannot be admitted ;" and he was proceeding, with his comrades, to draw up

the bridge; when one, who seemed to have more authority than the rest, at that instant came forward, desired them to desist, and offered to take the message. She then wrote on a slip of paper, with a pencil, "Angela Fitzormond;" and the man undertook it should be immediately conveyed to the Countess.

While the messenger was gone, numberless doubts invaded the bosom of Angela; she began again to think the regard of her friend might be diminished; or that she would be restrained from giving way to the affectionate effusions of her heart by the Count her husband. But all these fears were soon dissipated by the appearance of a female servant, who had orders instantly to conduct her to the Countess. Angela, regardless of all but the joy of beholding again one so dear to her, sprang from her horse before Ricardo could assist her, ran towards the castle, and in a few moments was fast locked in the arms of her friend.

Their joy at meeting was unutterable ;— Ellen !—Angela !—were the only words they could articulate. At length the Countess said, “To what fortunate chance am I indebted for this sudden and unlooked-for happiness ?” “Soon will I tell you all,” Angela replied ; (then recollecting the abrupt manner in which she had left Ricardo) but I must first speak to the peasant who conducted me hither.” She directly returned to the castle yard almost as quickly as she had left it, but to her inexpressible chagrin and disappointment, learnt from the attendants that Ricardo went away soon after she entered the gates. She felt the severest pangs of self-reproach, at having parted with her gallant deliverer so unkindly ; and could but reflect how ill she had repaid him the great and lasting obligation she owed. This reflection was not a little embittered by the impression she conceived it must make upon him, without the probability of her ever having any opportunity of effacing it ; she could only derive consolation from the hope, that chance might

again throw him in her way ; she endeavoured to draw some comfort from this thought, and hastened back to the apartments of the Countess.

Angela now informed Ellen she had been forced to quit her paternal roof to avoid being sacrificed to one she hated, in obedience to the commands of an inexorable parent ; had she not sought safety in flight, she must the next day have given her hand at the altar to him from whom her heart must ever be estranged. “ I knew,” she said, “ I should here find a safe asylum, under the fostering wing of friendship ; I knew that the beloved companion of my youth would shelter me from the rage of an implacable father.” “ Indeed, indeed she will,” the Countess replied with emotion ; “ here shall you find a secure retreat ; and I rejoice in the event which has brought you to me. Never shall you quit Warburgh Castle, until the resentment of your parents is softened, and he becomes sensible of the value of such

a daughter. The Count, who has been absent a few days, will, I am assured, be proud of you as a guest ; and it will afford him a high source of gratification to be personally known to one so dear to me, to whose merits he is no stranger. You shall have a suite of rooms assigned to you, that when you wish for retirement you may enjoy it without interruption ; and also a servant, whose employment shall be to attend upon you only.

Angela was so overpowered by the generosity of the Countess, that she could scarcely articulate her gratitude ; her looks expressed her thanks more forcibly than any language could denote.

The two friends were so enraptured with the society of each other, that the castle clock struck twelve before they thought of retiring. Angela was then conducted by Agnes, the servant she was to consider as her own, to her apartments : they were on the east side of the castle, and consisted of an antichamber,

a spacious room adjoining, a large and commodious bed-chamber, a dressing room, and a small chamber beyond it, intended for Agnes; on the walls were hung many ancient paintings, descriptive of the warlike exploits of the Count's ancestors; the chairs were like the bed, of blue velvet; in the second room there was a small collection of books from the best authors. The more she looked round, the more grateful she felt to her friend for thus anticipating every thing that could contribute to her comfort.

The heart of the Countess was formed for friendship and for love; she well knew how to feel for others woes; with a beneficent hand she distributed relief, and administered to the wants of all about her. If she walked beyond the castle-yard, she was followed by the blessings of the peasantry that surrounded it, who were nurtured by her kindness, fed by her bounty. Ellen was rather above the middle size, in complexion a brunette; her figure was formed by the hand of symmetry,

and her expressive dark eyes beamed with sensibility. She was just turned of twenty-three. Blest with the affection of the man of her choice, she had no alloy to her felicity but the absence of a beloved friend; that friend being again restored to her, she might now be deemed happiest of the happy.

Angela participated most fully in the feelings of the Countess, and forgot every care in her presence; but when alone, her bosom, fraught with filial affection, was often torn with the sigh of anguish; her cheek often wet with the tear of distress, at thus living under the displeasure of those dear parents who had fostered her infant steps with the tenderest care. "Alas!" she said, "that nothing less than the sacrifice of the happiness of his child can restore me to the favor of my father. My good mother, I am assured, will lament my absence with the bitterest anguish, until she can know I am in safety under the protecting wing of my beloved Ellen." She felt also much anxiety

to justify herself to Ricardo for her apparent ingratitude. With a mind agitated by these conflicting sensations, she retired to rest, after having returned thanks to the God of all mercy for the safety and protection afforded her, and entreated a continuance of it : tired nature soon sunk into repose, which she enjoyed until awakened by Agnes.

The Countess received Angela the next morning with the smile of affection, and congratulated her on the return of the bloom of health to her cheeks, which on the preceding evening appeared faded by the anxiety and fatigue of her journey. After breakfast, the two friends strolled, arm in arm, through the extensive gardens of the castle. "These," Ellen said, "were much neglected until our marriage, and have been entirely laid out by myself since my residence here ;—what do you think of them ?" Angela replied, "I find an elegant taste for horticulture is not the least of my friend's accomplishments."

They were beholding the beauty of the marble statuary in different parts of the garden, and viewing with delight the various productions of nature and art, when the sound of a horn re-echoed through the castle-yard. Angela started at the unusual noise. "That," said Ellen, "announces the return of the Count ; I will meet him at the gate, and gratify him with the news of your arrival."

In a few moments Angela perceived the Countess returning to her, leaning on the arm of her husband. The Count was a tall soldier-like figure, about the age of thirty-five ; his countenance was open and animated, but betrayed some marks of his having devoted the former part of his life to the service of his country, as on his left cheek was a scar, which he had received from the sabre of the enemy. On many occasions he had distinguished himself, at the head of the regiment of cavalry he commanded ; and had only retired from the profession of arms, on his marriage, at the earnest solicitation

of the Countess. Soon as they reached the spot where Angela was, Ellen put the hand of the Count into hers, and said, "Behold my dear Warburgh one, although to whose person you are a stranger, yet by my report has long been known to you. Behold the friend of my youth, the sister of my soul, Angela Fitzormond!" The Count expressed his joy at so unexpected a meeting—a meeting he had so long and so ardently desired. He took the hand of Angela, and said, "The regard of my Ellen ensures you mine; one so dear to her, can never be indifferent to me; welcome, thrice welcome to Warburgh castle." Angela, blushing, made suitable acknowledgments for the Count's kindness, and the happy trio returned toward the house.

Preparations were making for the entertainment of some friends of the Count's on the next day, who were to accompany him home, after partaking of the pleasures of the chace. The Count and Countess were famed for their hospitality; the splendor and mag-

nificence of their entertainments were the admiration of all the country round; none ever left Warburgh castle, but were delighted with the affability of their host and hostess.

The residue of the day was spent in social and friendly intercourse. The happiness of the Countess was now perfect as it could be, in this sublunary world; blest with the two beings on earth most dear to her, she had little more to wish for, and the felicity she experienced was displayed in her animated countenance. The Count was charmed with his new friend; and Angela, enjoying the affection of both, at the moment forgot every other care: but when she retired at night, the thought of the sufferings of a beloved mother, the loss of the regard of a cruel but yet a revered father, and of her seeming ingratitude to Ricardo, all again became sources of anxiety to her. For the latter she had no remedy, but to wait with patience until some fortunate chance might enable her to unde-

ceive him ; but she determined to alleviate the anguish of her mother, by writing to say she was in safety, without disclosing the asylum she had sought. With these thoughts she laid herself upon her pillow, and after sometime fell asleep ; from which she was only awakened in the morning, by the sound of the horn announcing the departure of the Count for the chace.

The guests were to dine in the banquetting hall, the lofty dome of which was supported by Corinthian pillars of polished marble ; it was decorated with banners, which were memorials of the achievements of the ancient house of Warburgh ; the marble slabs were covered with massy plate ; and at the head of the table were two chairs of crimson velvet, under a canopy of state, for the Count and Countess. The castle guards were in their richest dresses, and the servants in their state liveries. The horn, as usual, was the herald of Warburgh's approach and that of his friends. Soon after it was sounded, they all assembled

in the hall, when the Countess appeared, and was led by the Count to her seat; he then took the hand of Angela, and placed her on the left of Ellen. All eyes were immediately turned on the two lovely friends; the beauty of the Countess, and the no less fascinating figure of Angela, were the objects of universal admiration.

During the time of dinner, bands of military music relieved each other, in playing martial tunes; and the cannon on the ramparts, which were fired in honour of the noble guests, resounded through the lofty passages and corridors. This scene to Angela was like enchantment, never having before witnessed such. As she had attracted so much attention from all present, it was a considerable time before she could summon courage to look around, and even when she did she was sure to encounter the earnest gaze of some of the company. But her sensations are better felt than described when she caught the eye of Baron Steinbergh fixed

upon her ; her colour fled, an universal trembling seized her, and it was with difficulty she kept her seat ; she however endeavoured to hide her confusion from the Countess, that she might not disturb the harmony of the meeting. Angela thought she must have been deceived, and that the destroyer of her peace could not be there ; she now ventured therefore to look once more towards the place where she imagined she had seen him ; but his large dark prominent eyes still fixed on her, and a countenance in which all the malignant passions were strongly depicted, and revenge for disappointed love was not the least of them, forcibly convinced her it was no illusion, but reality, and that the hated cause of all her sorrows was before her. Assured of the dreadful truth, she dared no more to look that way, and longed most anxiously for the moment when the Countess should retire ; she soon saw it arrive, and with pleasure gave her hand to the Count, who conducted her from the hall.

CHAP. VII.



ANGELA, not supposing that Baron Steinbergh was known to the Countess, when she told the cause that drove her from her parental roof, did not mention his name; Ellen was about to enquire it, at the moment the horn sounded, announcing the arrival of the Count, and the conversation had not since been renewed. When retired to their apartments, Angela could no longer contain the emotions of her breast; her feelings overcame her, and she sought relief in a flood of tears. The Countess was struck with astonishment, she ran towards her, and affectionately pressed her to her heart:—"Tell me I conjure you,

tell me," she said with much emotion, "what means this sudden change? why is that cheek now pale and wan, which a few moments back bloomed with luxuriant health and beauty? Why are the blushing roses fled for the pale lily to usurp their place? Are you not well, or has any sudden shock overpowered you? Confide the cause to your Ellen's faithful bosom, that she, with the sympathising hand of friendship, may soothé your sorrows to repose" "Alas!" Angela replied, "I have just beheld the bane of all my peace; he who has robbed me of the affection of a parent, will I fear still continue to persecute me, and at length deprive me of the refuge I have sought under my Ellen's fostering wing." "That shall never be," the Countess answered; "no consideration shall again tear you from me!—but who, who is the destroyer of the peace of her I hold most dear?" Angela faintly stammered out the name of Steinbergh. "Steinbergh!" repeated Ellen. "Yes, Baron Steinbergh," Angela answered, "how came he hither?"

“He has a small estate in the neighbourhood, the Countess replied, “where he comes for a few weeks at this time of the year, to partake of the pleasures of the chase; he is known but little either to Warburgh or myself; nor is he by any means a favorite with us, but we are under the necessity of inviting him with our other guests. Of all men I think him the most forbidding! dark suspicion and gloomy discontent appear to hang on his sullen brow! sooner, than he shall disturb your felicity by his presence, he never more shall be admitted within the castle walls. “Not for the world,” Angela said, “would I prevent it; for ill should I repay your goodness, by involving the husband of my dearest Ellen in a quarrel on my account:—that no reserve may be shewn by the Count towards him, I most earnestly entreat you not to mention the subject.” “As it will give you pain,” Ellen answered, “be assured I never will; let me beseech you to compose yourself; the Baron dares not insult you under this roof.” “What I most dread,” Angela said,

“is that he should discover my retreat to an inexorable parent, who would not fail to tear me from you, and force me to sacrifice myself to one I hate.” “That shall not be,” replied Ellen; “not even the power of a father shall force you hence against your inclination; never shall you be restored to him, until he knows how to value such a daughter.” “My generous protectress!” Angela exclaimed, “I will compose myself, and no longer disturb the happiness of my friend by a doubt or fear.

The consoling assurances of the Countess had their effect, and she endeavoured to drive every foreboding thought from her breast. They both retired early to rest; one requiring the balm^y powers of sleep to restore her agitated spirits, and the other was much fatigued with the bustle of the day.

The Count and his friends did not separate until a late hour; those who lived at any distance, which were but a few, had beds

provided for them in the castle; the rest returned home that evening.

Angela, from the oppression of mind she had experienced the day before, did not rise until after her usual time, and expecting to meet only the Count and Countess, hurried down to the breakfast room; but how great was her surprise, on entering, to find several of the guests were assembled there, and amongst the rest the detested Steinbergh. On the first impulse she drew back, but an animating smile from Ellen checked her receding steps, and the Count at the same moment led her to a vacant chair by the side of the Countess. The Baron took no notice of Angela, except occasionally, when unobserved, to dart upon her a glance of indignation; he appeared thoughtful and musing, but did not betray to any one that he had the smallest previous knowledge of her. During the time of breakfast every minute seemed an age, and her mind was released from a great weight when

she saw the company arise to take their leave.

As Steinbergh appeared so distant and reserved, Angela derived no little satisfaction from the hope, that she might be permitted to remain unmolested in her present peaceful asylum. His fierce and indignant looks, she trusted, were only the last ebullitions of a disappointed passion ; love she could not call it, for she plainly saw, that if he could obtain her person, the possession of her heart was a matter of indifference : he therefore never had strongly pressed his suit, but rested the hopes of his success, more on the commands of her father than her own inclination.

Steinbergh was not calculated to inspire with love the mind of the youthful Angela ; he was about fifty-nine years of age, of a most forbidding aspect, and a violent irascible temper ; tyrannical to his inferiors, imperious and haughty to his equals. From his flinty breast, never flowed the stream of affection ;

from his obdurate heart never emanated tenderness or pity. His estates were large, which too frequently gave him the power of attaining the object of his wishes. Such was the man to whom parental pride was about to sacrifice the young and beautiful Angela.

The Countess consoled her with the hope, that she would see the destroyer of her happiness no more ; and finding the stern commands of a father had no effect, he would abandon the idea of ever being united to her, and cease his unavailing pursuit. As many days passed without seeing or hearing of the Baron, Ellen began to imagine her suggestions were realized ; but the more timid breast of Angela apprehended he might be gone to her father, to betray the place of her residence, urge him to take her away, and force her to the altar. This idea at first gave her pain, but every day contributed to drive it from her mind.

One evening, from a slight indisposition,

Angela had retired earlier than was her usual custom, and after having dismissed Agnes she endeavoured to seek relief from sleep ; she had nearly sunk into the soft slumbers of oblivion, when she was aroused to recollection by a deep and hollow voice, that cried, "Beware of Steinbergh !" She started in agitation and surprise ; cold horror thrilled through every vein ; not a nerve but was palsied with fear. She hastily undrew the curtain ; the dying embers of the fire just showed sufficient light to convince her no one was in the room. She began at length to imagine it was mere illusion, and only the effect of a disturbed and agitated mind ; she therefore endeavoured to compose herself, and was offering up a supplication to the throne of Omnipotence, to shield her from every danger, when just as the devout aspiration had ascended from her heart, and before it could issue from her lips, the words "Beware of Steinbergh !" again struck her ear, uttered in the same deep and hollow tone. This second shock quite overpowered her, her quivering lips denied

their office, and she fell back senseless on the pillow.

Soon as returning reason came to her relief, she summoned courage to look round the room; she arose, and examined every corner; but not a trace could she perceive of any one having been there; the doors were securely closed, and every thing was in the same order as when she retired to bed. Although she was not apt to be superstitious, she was almost inclined to think it was something supernatural; but be it so, or not, she felt confident she had nothing to fear, as the mysterious warning was the voice of friendship. From whence, or from whom it could proceed, it was impossible to divine; but it seemed extraordinary that the caution should be at this time given, when Steinbergh had left the castle with no immediate prospect of his return; and even if he did, the protection of her noble friends would be an invulnerable shield to her; therefore within those walls she felt assured she was in safety. "Yet why"

she said to herself, " was this mysterious warning given? why given at a time when I consider myself in perfect security? There wants no warning voice, no supernatural power, to tell me to avoid the fell disturber of my peace. The more she considered, the more inexplicable it appeared; she was determined however to keep what had passed locked in the secret recesses of her heart; she knew the Countess had no faith in any thing supernatural, and would laugh at her apprehensions. Indeed the occurrence seemed so extraordinary, that it would have staggered her own credulity, had she heard it from any one, instead of being a witness to it herself.

Angela could not compose her mind to rest any more; sleep fled from her pillow. She repeatedly listened, thinking she might again hear the friendly monitor; but all was silent as the grave; the solemn admonition was strongly impressed on her memory, the deep and hollow tone in which it was uttered still vibrated in her ear. At length fatigued and

exhausted, as the day broke, she got some repose, and did not awake until summoned by Agnes to breakfast. After having offered up her accustomed morning orisons, she hurried down, and found the Countess was waiting for her ; the Count had gone out early on a hunting party.

The altered looks of Angela did not escape the scrutinizing eye of friendship ; Ellen took her hand with the most affectionate solicitude, and inquired if she were not well ? “ Believe me, I am quite so,” was the reply. Then the Countess asked why that pallid cheek, that haggard eye, which are strong testimonies of a sleepless night ? “ Indeed,” Angela answered, “ I have rested tolerably, and am quite in health ; your kind and tender anxiety paints my looks to you worse than they are ; a little air and exercise will soon restore them.”

When breakfast was finished, Angela strolled into the garden ; the Countess had some arrangements to make which prevented her

going also. She endeavoured to amuse her mind, and divert her attention from the singular occurrence of the last night, by contemplating the beauties that surrounded her. If, she thought, they are a subject for admiration now, when vegetation is checked by the icy hand of winter, what must they be when spring puts forth her genial warmth, animates the scene, and makes all nature bloom in full luxuriance. Her attention was next drawn to a marble pedestal, on which was a statue of the Venus de Medicis; she gazed with wonder and astonishment at this specimen of ancient sculpture, and regretted so noble an art should be lost to the present age. What a beautiful contour! she mentally exclaimed; what symmetry in the limbs! what expression in the countenance! there wants only the touch of Prometheus to animate it with life.

Angela devoted some time to every statue that she saw, and to each she paid a silent tribute of admiration. At length she approached unperceived one of the gardeners

who was at work, and was about to make some inquiries of him relative to the garden, when soon as he saw her he started, pulled his hat over his face, and hurried away in evident confusion ; she caught a slight glimpse of his countenance, which, although apparently disguised, she imagined she had seen before. The singular conduct of this man much surprised her ; she thought it was not possible he could have any knowledge of her, and if he had, why avoid her ? There was an air of mystery in it she could not account for ; she was induced to believe it was in some degree connected with the solemn warning she had received on the previous night ; yet she could trace no affinity between them, but the mystery which enveloped both. Conjecture was lost in amazement, and she could find no clue to unravel the two extraordinary occurrences that had befallen her ; the last of course was of the least importance, except from the idea with which she felt impressed, that one circumstance had some concern with the other. She knew not why she should

think so, nor could she assign any reason for it; and endeavoured, but in vain, to discard the thought. She determined to keep this matter a secret also: no sooner had she made this resolution, than she saw the Countess running towards her; as they met, she took the arm of Angela, and said, with a smile, you shall come and visit my pensioners. With this they walked towards the castle gate; when they had passed the drawbridge, the inmates of every cottage were in motion; they all came forth to offer the tribute of humble gratitude to their benefactress. There was not one of the many that appeared but the bounty of Ellen had contributed to support; she had soothed the sorrows of the bed of sickness, poured the balm of consolation into the wounded breast, fed the hungry, clothed the naked; not a hand but what was piously lifted up to heaven for her; not a tongue but was employed imploring blessings on her head: peace, contentment, and gratitude were visible in the looks of all. Under the nurturing wing of Ellen, who gave re-

wards to excite industry, every thing around them seemed to thrive ; the humble cottage was here the abode of happiness, pure and unalloyed ; the children bloomed with rosy health, and soon as they could understand were taught to know their benefactress, and to lisp her name ; sentiments of religion were early impressed upon their infant minds by the Countess ; and by her, also, they were trained in the paths of virtue. “ How I envy you,” Angela said, “ this delightful office, and the feelings of self satisfaction with which it must inspire you ! May the prayers of those who are fed by your bounty be heard ; and may you long live thus to diffuse blessings around you.” “ I thank you, my friend, for your good wishes,” Ellen replied ; “ but indeed you much overrate the little comforts I bestow upon these honest cottagers ; I do no more than my duty, in thus distributing the bounty a kind providence hath allotted to me ; the noblest use of riches is to share them with our distressed fellow creatures.

As the Countess and Angela were returning, they saw an unusual bustle ; on approaching nearer, they beheld the body of a man borne by some peasants into the castle. It struck Ellen most forcibly, that it was the Count, who had met with some accident in hunting ; the bare idea of such an event was distraction ; she gave a piercing shriek, and fell insensible to the ground. Angela was much alarmed, but endeavoured not to lose sight of her presence of mind ; she knelt by the side of Ellen, supported her head on her knee, and with her handkerchief waved for assistance ; the servants of the castle immediately came to her aid. The language of the Countess, on reviving a little, was incoherent, and her looks were wild ; her expressive eyes were now turned around with an unmeaning stare ; all their fire, all their animation had fled. Several of Ellen's female attendants hastened towards the spot, and assisted Angela in endeavouring to revive her ; the objects of her bounty flocked about her, and beheld with silent sorrow their benefactress. After ap-

plying many restoratives, a dawn of reason at length returned, when Ellen, in a plaintive voice exclaimed, "Is he really dead? tell me I conjure you—hide not from me the fatal truth—alas! there is no need of words—I see the dreadful news too visibly imprinted in the looks of all." She was very near relapsing, when the assurance of her attendants that the hurt was not so great as she supposed, and that being severely bruised, was the extent of the injury, again restored her. "Heaven be praised," Ellen replied, "lead me to him this instant." Aided by the supporting arm of Angela, the Countess reached the castle; she ascended the steps with trembling limbs; but great indeed was her surprise, on entering the hall, to see the Count perfectly safe, leaning over a couch, on which laid Baron Steinbergh. The sudden transition from grief to joy had almost as great an effect upon her as the first shock; she had no power to move, but remained fixed to the spot, impressed with wonder, gratitude, and delight.

Soon as the Count saw Ellen, pale, breathless, and supported by Angela, he flew towards her, and anxiously inquired the cause; the Countess rushed into his arms and said, "Ah! my dear Warburgh, how have I been deceived! what transport it is to find you well, when I imagined you to be no more! I feared it was you that had met with a fatal accident." "Compose yourself, my dearest Ellen," the Count replied, "I have received no hurt; it is the Baron Steinbergh, who fell from his horse while hunting. As it happened near the castle, I ordered him to be conveyed hither; the injury is much slighter than I at first conceived it to be; a few days, I trust, will enable him to be removed with safety." He then led the Countess through the hall, and by his entreaties she was induced to retire to her chamber.

CHAP. VIII.



ANGELA accompanied Ellen, and with the anxious solicitude of friendship watched her every look ; she was as much surprised at what had happened as the Countess could be, as she also fully believed it to be the Count who was hurt. The servants, having no questions asked, naturally concluded it was known to be Steinbergh, therefore did not undeceive their mistress ; and though she betrayed more sensibility on the occasion, than would have been called forth for only an acquaintance, yet knowing the universal compassion she bestowed on all, they conceived the shock of a person being killed almost in her presence

was too much for her to support, and believed that alone caused her extreme agitation; they had not the most distant idea she supposed it to be the Count, or they would soon have alleviated her distress.

Ellen, completely exhausted, was glad of some repose, and soon fell into a gentle slumber; Angela determined not to quit the chamber, but to remain by her bedside. She began now to collect her scattered thoughts, which the agitation of the Countess prevented her doing before: though she sincerely participated in the joy of her friend on finding it was not the Count, yet that joy was considerably diminished when she beheld the detested Steinbergh, whom she imagined to be far distant. The solemn warning of her mysterious monitor came again to her recollection. "Ah! too well I see," she said, "it was not given without a cause; those awful words, "*Beware of Steinbergh*," delivered at the dead hour of night, when ~~naught~~ but silence and solitude reigned around, have

some prophetic meaning ; beneath them lurks something of dreadful import. Good Heaven, for what am I reserved ! that but last night I should have received this caution, and this day the object of it is within the castle walls." Angela, however, could not possibly divine what she had to fear from him, when shielded by so powerful a protector as the Count.

Ellen now awoke considerably better, but it was thought advisable she should still continue in bed, that she might recruit her strength ; the morning she hoped would find her perfectly recovered : Angela remained with her the whole day, and never left the chamber until it was time to retire to rest.

When she reached her own apartments, she again began to ruminate on the past ; she derived consolation from the hope the Baron's stay would not be long, as she had understood from the Count the principal hurt was a contusion on the side from the violence of the fall, but the medical attendants did not

apprehend any danger. Although Angela considered herself in perfect safety, yet after the warning she had received she did not feel at ease while Steinbergh remained in the castle; she imagined her friendly monitor might possibly that night repeat his admonition; indeed she almost wished it; for if it was conveyed to her by natural means, she then might be enabled to gain some information on the subject. For several hours she anxiously listened; in every breeze she thought she again heard the voice of her invisible friend; but all was silence, except the hollow blasts of wind that reverberated through the lofty passages of the castle.

Angela was nearly asleep, when she was aroused by a loud noise; her courage forsook her; an universal trembling seized her limbs, and all the terrors of something supernatural took full possession of her mind. It was a considerable time before she dared look round; but when she did, she blushed at her own timidity, on perceiving the alarm was

occasioned only by the violence of the wind having blown open the door of her room; she tried once more to compose herself, and at length fell into a profound sleep.

When she awoke in the morning, she hastened to the chamber of the Countess, and was agreeably surprised to find her up, and ready to go down to breakfast.

The expressive countenance of Angela glowed with delight, on beholding the genial bloom of health again reanimate the pallid cheek of her friend; and congratulated her upon it. "Many, many thanks to you," Ellen replied, "for your kindness; to your affectionate attention I am much indebted; your sympathizing aid has greatly contributed to restore me: a little languor remains, which I hope in the course of the day I shall be enabled to shake off. Indeed, it was a severe trial; the supposition that I had in one fatal moment, lost the support, the comfort of my life, the tenderest, best of husbands, harrowed

up every feeling of my soul." "Thank Heaven, you have not lost him," Angela answered, "and I hope there are yet many years of felicity in store for you. May you both long live, thus blessed with each other, and scattering blessings all around."

On going down they understood the Baron had amended considerably; several more days passed, and each day the accounts were more favorable. At the expiration of a week, he was so far recovered as to be enabled to quit the castle; and the following morning was fixed for his departure. Angela was not a little rejoiced to hear it; the assurance relieved her spirits from considerable depression. She now began to imagine the warning of her mysterious friend was quite unnecessary, and could not help almost being persuaded that it was a mere chimera of the brain—the delusion of a dream—but when she remembered how plainly, how forcibly, the deep and hollow tone had vibrated in her ear; when she recollected with what solem-

nity the awful warning was delivered, she was convinced of the reality, and was again lost in wonder and astonishment.

The night before the departure of the Baron, after Angela had retired to her apartment, not feeling inclined to sleep, she dismissed Agnes, determined to devote an hour or two to reading, which she was frequently in the habit of doing : she was so fully occupied with the subject, that she did not discern how swiftly the time had glided along, until the sonorous stroke of the castle-clock reminded her it was one. She closed her book with the intention of undressing ; but as she passed the window she stopped to behold the setting moon ; it was fast verging into obscurity, and its sombre tints were reflected upon the leafless trees which surrounded the place : she continued looking at it, until its last rays sunk beneath the horizon, and every object was immersed in total darkness. The night was calm and serene ; silence and

solitude alone appeared inmates of the castle.

As she was about to quit the scene she had just been contemplating, the sound of distant footsteps were heard by her ; every moment they became plainer, and soon evidently appeared to be approaching that part of the castle ; before she had time to collect her scattered thoughts, the door of her apartment was burst open, and Baron Steinbergh entered. Astonishment, surprise, and terror so completely benumbed the faculties of Angela, that she stood in a state of insensibility until awakened to recollection by the voice of the detested object of her fears. The Baron seized her hand, and said, " At length I have you in my power, and to shew that power is only meant to be exerted for your happiness, I am still ready to accompany you to the altar : (in this he was sincere, for although he was totally insensible either to love or affection for any one, yet he wished to marry, that he might have an heir to his im-

mense estates—and the youth and beauty of Angela had attracted his attention). You shall,” he continued, “this moment quit Warburgh castle with me ; I have a carriage and attendants waiting to convey you hence ; if entreaty cannot prevail, force shall.” ‘Angela drew her hand from him with violence, and exclaimed, “Monster ! quit my apartment this instant ; no longer let it be polluted by your presence. Force me hence, you dare not do ; if you attempt it, my cries shall awake every inhabitant of the castle, and they shall behold you in your true colours ; shall see the Baron Steinbergh, in the dead of night, like a murderer, or assassin, rushing into the apartment of a helpless, unprotected female, and endeavouring to take her away by compulsion—to force her to make false vows to one she hates.”

“Hear me, Angela,” replied Steinbergh ; “all your exertions can be of no avail—you are too far distant from every one for your cries to be heard. This night determines

your fate ; either consent to become allied to the house of Steinbergh—to be elevated to honor, dignity, and wealth, and to be restored to the bosom of those parents whose affection you have so justly forfeited by your disobedience—or a dreadful punishment awaits you.”

“ No punishment, said Angela, “ can be equal to that of being united to you :—sooner would I silence these lips for ever, by terminating my existence, than they should be polluted by making a vow of love and obedience to a villain. To you am I indebted for the loss of the affection of a father ; on your account was I obliged to quit my native home helpless and unprotected.” “ I have no time to trifle,” the Baron answered ; “ will you be mine or not ? ” “ Never ! never ! ” Angela exclaimed. “ Then I will force you hence,” Steinbergh replied. “ Before you attempt to force me hence,” said Angela, “ remember there is a just God, in whose awful presence you now stand ; remember every thought

and action is registered above." "Cease this priestcraft," Steinbergh cried, with his eyes flashing fire and indignation; "you shall come with me this instant:" then with the fury and looks of a demon seized the arm of Angela, and was proceeding to drag her to the door, when her loud shrieks brought Agnes into the room, who, on seeing the Baron, was instantly going to retire; but in a voice of thunder he cried, "Stop, and prepare to follow your mistress; quit not the room, on pain of death." At this command the terrified, agitated Agnes was rivetted to the spot.

Angela, finding defiance had no effect, and not seeing a prospect of any deliverance, was determined to try the power of supplication. She sunk on her knee, and said, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "Baron Steinbergh, behold me at your feet! I acknowledge myself totally in your power, and throw myself on your compassion; let me entreat you to leave me; do not force an unwilling

victim to the altar ; distress me no more I conjure you ; no longer triumph over a helpless female ; seek not for a heart which never can be thine. Oh ! cease your persecution ; there are many who would be proud of being elevated to the rank of Baroness Steinbergh. Look for happiness in the arms of one, who can with her hand, give her heart also ; leave me, I again entreat you, and drive me not to desperation."

The Baron's stern countenance now began to relax ; a pang of self reproach came across his breast. Angela hoped her entreaties had produced the desired effect, and subdued his inflexible determination ; but she little knew him ; it was only the dying embers of expiring virtue that caused the alteration in the Baron, not a return to it : his countenance soon again resumed its ferocious aspect. "All prayers are useless," he vociferated in a voice of thunder ; "this instant shall you go with me." His hand was uplifted to seize her, when a panel in the wainscot flew open, a figure in

complete armour rushed between them ; his right hand, in which he held a truncheon, was extended, and in a deep hollow tone he cried, "*Forbear !*" Steinbergh gazed upon it for a moment ; every feature was convulsed with horror ; cold drops of perspiration fell from him, and strongly agitated he darted out of the room. Angela dropped lifeless on the floor ; the figure disappeared ; the wainscot closed ; and Agnes ran trembling to procure assistance.

Pale and breathless, she went to the chamber of the Countess, and told her that without speedy help her mistress would soon be no more. Ellen lost not a moment in flying to her aid ; when she reached Angela's apartment, she found her in the same situation as she was left by Agnes : the Countess knelt by her side, bathed her temples, and applied every thing that could restore suspended animation, but all appeared in vain. She notwithstanding still continued her applications ; at length, to her great joy, a slight pulsation

was discovered, and soon returning respiration was visible. A deep sigh now issued from the breast of Angela ; the surrounding attendants raised her gently up, and placed her on the bed ; the motion of removing her caused her eyes to open, but they soon closed again insensible to every object about her. The anxious solicitude of the Countess was at last rewarded, by the restoration of Angela to life, but not to sense ; she looked around with a wild stare, and seemed unconscious of every thing that had happened. She talked incoherently, nor did she recognise the Countess or Agnes.

A messenger was dispatched immediately, by the kind and sympathizing Ellen, for medical assistance. A surgeon soon attended, and gave it as his opinion, that the derangement of his patient proceeded from some sudden and violent agitation of the mind ; also that most probably repose would again restore her ; he therefore administered a gentle opiate, and gave directions she should be

kept perfectly quiet. It did not strike the Countess, until she recollected Angela had her clothes on, that she could not have been in bed all night; Ellen therefore took Agnes into the next room, to inquire of her what sudden shock her mistress had received, which could have caused this dreadful change; as when she retired to her chamber, she was in perfect health, and in her usual spirits.

Agnes still trembled so with agitation and affright, that she could hardly collect her thoughts sufficiently to tell what had passed; Ellen at length learned, in broken and disjointed sentences, that she left her mistress in the chamber reading when she took leave of her for the night. She knew not how long she had been asleep, but she was awakened by the cries of Angela; she immediately went into the room, and found her struggling with Baron Steinbergh, who prevented her running for assistance, by threatening her with death if she left the chamber. He want-

ed to force her mistress to quit the castle directly with him ; her efforts of resistance had so exhausted her, that he was on the point of succeeding, and attempted to take her away in his arms, when a man in armour darted through the wainscot, rushed between them, and said something in a sepulchral tone ; on which Angela fainted and fell on the ground, and the Baron quitted the room much agitated.

The Countess, from the latter part of Agnes' story, could not help thinking her senses were wandering, from the effect the late scene had upon her ; and that her last declaration was only the illusion of an unsettled mind ; therefore she must wait with patience until Angela was well enough to unravel the mystery. One thing however Agnes could not have been deceived in, which was, that Baron Steinbergh had been in the room ; although she always imagined she saw villain written in legible characters on his brow, yet she could not suppose that he would have been guilty of such a daring breach of hos-

pitality, as to seize the first moment of his recovery, even under the very roof that had sheltered him, to wound the peace of its inhabitants, by this wanton attack upon the object of their tenderest care and solicitude.

Ellen now returned to the chamber of Angela, and finding her in a composed and pleasant sleep, cautioned Agnes to take care she was not disturbed; then went to inform the Count of what had happened.

Warburgh felt his own honor injured and insulted by this treatment of his fair protegee; and fired with indignation, was determined to seek Steinbergh to punish him for his presumption. He rang the bell for his servant, and found, upon inquiry, the Baron had called up his attendants and left the castle about an hour before. The Count resolved to follow him, and deaf to the supplications of Ellen, regardless of her tears, mounted one of his

swiftest horses, then galloped off in pursuit of his treacherous guest.

The Countess was left in a situation little to be envied; what with anxiety for the recovery of her dearest friend, and apprehension for the life of a beloved husband, her affectionate bosom was torn by various, and contending emotions. Knowing the hasty and impetuous temper of the Count, she reproached herself most severely for having mentioned the subject; but when she reflected for a moment, it struck her that she had no real cause for self-reproach, as such a circumstance, if not through her, must by some other means have come to his knowledge. But yet she could not help taking some share of blame to herself, for having so hastily disclosed it; had she delayed it a short time, the Baron might then have been at too great a distance to be overtaken: now most probably the life of one, or both, may be sacrificed. " . *

Ellen fell on her knees, and addressed the Throne of Heaven to preserve her husband : to shield him from the attacks of a villain, and to turn the uplifted sabre from his breast. She also prayed the death of Steinbergh might not be by the arm of Warburgh ; but that Heaven would turn his heart, and give him time and inclination to repent. With fervent and unfeigned devotion, she offered up her petitions to that omnipotent Being, who is ever willing to receive the devout aspirations of his sincere worshippers, the humble incense of the pious heart. " Grant, great God," she said, " that whatever thy decrees may be, I may submit to them with the resignation I ought ; but spare, oh, spare my husband !"

Ellen, by the aid of reason and religion, endeavoured to calm the agitation of her mind ; every minute, however, seemed a tedious age until the return of the Count. But in the midst of her distress, she forgot not the claims of friendship ; she again

hastened to the apartment of Angela, who was still in a sound sleep; repeated her caution to Agnes, not to let her be disturbed; and then returned to her own chamber, which commanded a view of the approach to the castle. Many an anxious look she cast that way, but all in vain; she frequently thought she could distinguish the sound of horses feet at a distance, but soon perceived it was only the illusions of imagination, anxious to draw a ray of comfort from the rustling of every leaf. The delay was dreadful; the domestics were sent out to watch each avenue, and to give immediate intelligence the moment the Count appeared in sight. Several hours of awful suspense passed away; at length a confused murmur of "he comes" reached her ear, she flew into the hall, and meeting the Count at the moment of his entrance, exclaimed in great alarm, "Good Heavens, you are wounded!"

CHAP. IX.



When the Count left the castle in the morning, he rode toward the house of the Baron, and overtook him not far distant from it. The latter had seen that he was pursued; the deep impression of horror his mind had received, and the stings of conscious guilt, caused some sensations of shame, which induced him to strive to avoid his injured friend; but the rapidity with which the Count advanced, rendered it impossible. Before he could shelter himself from the chastisement he merited, by gaining the house, Warburgh was by his side; and with vehemence exclaimed, "Turb, villain turn,

and defend yourself!" The Baron knowing he had nothing to urge in his justification, drew his sabre, and made a violent blow at his antagonist; the Count, who was well skilled in the broad sword, warded it off, and attacked in his turn. The combat was some time doubtful: neither appeared to gain any advantage; at length the Count received a slight wound in his left arm, and the Baron a severe one in the head, which brought him to the ground. He was taken up by the attendants apparently lifeless; a surgeon was sent for, who, on a cursory view of the wound, apprehended it to be mortal, but on a close examination he found its symptoms not so unfavorable as he at first supposed, and some faint hopes of recovery were held out. The Count had been so eager to ascertain the state of the Baron's wound, that he forgot his own, until reminded of it by being faint from loss of blood; when he tied a bandage round it, and hastened to the castle to relieve the anxiety he knew Ellen laboured under.

On his arrival, the sight of his pallid countenance, with the left arm encircled by a bandage, too truly told the foreboding heart of Ellen what had happened ; her fears painted the danger greater than it was, and quite overpowered her. The consoling voice of the Count, assuring her that his wound was but trifling, and a few days would heal it, in some degree again restored her. "I hope," she said, "the guilty Steinbergh has not fallen by your hand." "The Baron is still alive," the Count replied. "Thank Heaven !" Ellen resumed, "my prayers are heard."

The Count's arm was now examined ; it proved, as he imagined, only a flesh wound, and that very slight : it was dressed, and placed in a sling. He then inquired for Angela. The Countess said, "My anxiety for you has made me too long neglect her ; when I quitted her room, she was in a profound sleep, which I hope will bring back returning reason."

Ellen immediately hurried to her apartment; her patient was just awake, but very weak and low, and seemed not to remember what had happened. "I have some faint idea of it," she said, "but I cannot yet collect my scattered thoughts. Ah! how can I ever repay you for your kindness?" "Speak not of that at present," said the Countess, "I must forbid you to talk much; you require to be kept quite tranquil and composed; I will watch you during the night, and with the hand of affection administer the healing draught." Of this Angela positively refused to admit; and after great entreaty, Ellen consented to leave her to the care of Agnes.

Angela, by the help of the anodyne draught she had taken, rested well; and in the morning awoke considerably better, with every faculty completely renovated, and all the powers of recollection restored to their full force. The workings of a guilty conscience, which were so strongly painted on the countenance of the Baron on seeing the

mysterious figure, were deeply impressed on her mind; the majestic form which rushed between them, when all aid appeared impracticable, was still in imagination before her; and the word "Forbear!" pronounced in so deep and hollow a tone, yet resounded in her ear. She could not possibly conceive how any human being should, at that moment, have come to her relief; in supernatural appearances she had no faith; but when she combined every circumstance together, she was fully convinced, be the figure what it might, that it was the merciful hand of heaven stretched out to save her. To that Omnipotent Power who had thus protected her, she offered the grateful incense of a pious heart, flowing from a breast in which was deeply implanted every sentiment of awe and veneration for that all-bountiful Being, who is ever ready to hear the petitions of his erring creatures.

Ellen, fearing Angela might be still asleep, entered the room gently, and undrew the

curtain of the bed before she was discovered to be present; rejoiced indeed was she to find her patient so much better than her anxious hopes could have presaged, and that reason had again resumed its empire over her. As she appeared perfectly collected, the Countess ventured to inquire how far the strange story of Agnes was true; to her great surprise Angela confirmed every word of it, and also related the awful admonition she had received previous to the entrance of the figure. Ellen had so little faith in any thing supernatural, that she could not credit it, although it came from the lips of Angela, whose soul she knew to be truth itself; yet she thought it impossible the occurrence could be brought about by human means; she therefore drew an inference, that the senses of her patient were still wandering. There was however a consistency between the story of Angela and Agnes which surprised her, as they both were fully confident in the reality of it. There certainly must have been some circumstance to cause the

Baron to quit the apartment so abruptly ; she therefore determined to examine the servants who had seen him leave the castle, and to learn from them whether they discovered any symptoms of alarm in him. She mentioned the matter to the Count, who was as much surprised as herself, and equally anxious to unravel so strange a mystery : he suggested, that it would be best for the servants to be questioned separately. They were all summoned before the Count, placed in an antechamber, called singly into the room, and made to quit it by a different way, that they might have no communication with each other until the examination was over. There were not many who saw the Baron, as most of them had retired to rest before his departure ; those who did see him, all agreed most fully in their story, which was that he appeared greatly agitated—a ghastly paleness was depicted in his countenance—cold drops of perspiration stood on his forehead—his language was wild and incoherent—perturbation and hor-

ror were strongly stamped on every feature. In a hurried tone, he commanded his servants to be called; and the drawbridge being let down, he mounted his horse, and rode off with such speed as to outstrip all his attendants. This staggered the Count and Countess yet more; and they determined, if possible, to unravel the mystery; the only resource they had left was an appeal to Steinbergh himself, and should he confirm it, there could no longer be any doubt of the truth.

At this moment a messenger arrived from the Baron, stating that a fever had seized him, in consequence of the wound; and as it was expected he had not many hours to live, he was desirous to see Count Warburgh immediately, if he could possibly come to him. Although the hurt the Count had received prevented his riding on horseback, he was able to go in a carriage, which was ordered without delay; and he was soon by the side of the wretched Steinbergh: Expiring na-

ture seemed nearly exhausted ; the icy hand of death appeared impressed on every feature ; and betrayed symptoms that life was fast drawing to a close. In a low and feeble voice, he said, " You behold before you a repentant criminal, who cannot die in peace, until he has received the forgiveness of the man he has injured ; oh pardon me the base return I made to your kindness ! pardon the daring breach of hospitality I have committed ! I acknowledge that I merit the punishment I meet with ; but after this acknowledgement, and at so awful a moment, when I am probably soon to be summoned before the tribunal of an Almighty Judge, I trust I shall be believed by you, when I assert, that my crime was not so great as you have reason to imagine. I solemnly declare nothing dishonourable was intended against Mademoiselle Fitzormond ; my design was to force her from the castle, and if possible lead her to the altar. Be assured it extended no further ; when I should have her entirely in my power, I expected by intreaties, or threats, I might

at last accomplish my wish. Let me implore you to paint to her, my deep and sincere contrition."

The Count, much agitated, gave him his hand, in token of forgiveness; and then said, "One question I have to ask of you—what prevented you from completing your design, of removing Angela from the castle?" "The protecting arm of Heaven," replied the Baron, "which is ever extended over the good and virtuous. At the instant when she was exhausted by her struggles, and incapable of farther resistance, I was on the point of bearing away my almost lifeless victim; the wainscot opened, a figure in armour rushed between us, and in a stern and commanding tone exclaimed, "*Forbear!*" The scene struck conviction to my guilty soul; I gazed at the figure for a moment, when believing it to be the awful visitation of some supernatural being, sent to check the career of my vices—deeply impressed with consternation and horror, and tormented by the pangs of

an accusing conscience—I left the room with the utmost precipitation, and hurried from the castle.”

The Baron now sunk upon his pillow, quite fatigued with the exertion, and deprived of the power of saying any more ; the torch of life appeared nearly extinguished ; he was, in the opinion of all around, fast verging towards eternity. When he saw the Count was preparing to depart, he caught his hand, and gently pressed it ; the power of utterance was denied him. Warburgh, deeply affected with what he had witnessed, proceeded towards the castle ; he was now convinced something certainly had appeared, for it was impossible that Angela, the Baron, and Agnes could have been all deceived.

Ellen was equally surprised, when the declaration of Steinbergh was related to her, and could no longer doubt the truth of it ; but yet was not disposed to give any credit to the appearance being supernatural, although

she could not conceive how it was possible to be effected by other means. She accompanied the Count to search the armoury of the castle; not one of the coats of armour appeared to have been disturbed, but each hung in its proper place; the spear, the shield, which had been often used in battle, and at tournaments in beauty's cause, now decorated the castle walls, as proud mementos of the gallant achievements of the house of Warburgh.

The Count remembered there was a small spiral staircase, near the apartments of Angela, that he understood was used in former times as a retreat for the inhabitants of the castle, in case it should be in danger of being taken by assault; also intended for the introduction of provisions, and a reinforcement of troops, during a siege. This he determined to examine, while the Countess returned to Angela; from whom it was agreed the fate of Steinbergh should be concealed, at least for the present. The Count was attended in his search by servants with torches;

before he descended the staircase, he accurately examined the wainscot, where he supposed the figure must have entered, to see if he could find any secret spring which might cause the panel to slip back, but all in vain; every thing appeared immovable. He now therefore proceeded to the staircase, which was within one of the castle turrets; the steps were of stone, but so mutilated and broken by the hand of time, that it required great caution to descend them; the walls were incrustated with green mould, and the damp air rendered it difficult to keep the torches light. When they had reached the foot of the staircase, they entered a narrow paved passage, with an arched roof, and at length came into a spacious vault; silence and gloomy solitude reigned around; it appeared as if it had remained for ages undisturbed by man. As the Count walked cautiously along, he struck his foot against something which had nearly occasioned him to fall; on inspection it proved to be a human skull; he shuddered with horror, and

thought that to whomever it once belonged, he might probably have fallen, in these subterraneous regions, a prey to the assassin's dagger. But on looking round, he perceived three stone cases; the cement, which had fastened the cover of one of them, was decayed; with difficulty the servants moved it far enough to perceive it contained a skeleton. Bones were found in various parts, which had been possibly deposited there for centuries; it evidently appeared to have been the ancient burial place of the castle, and the bones must have been the remains of the Count's ancestors. He gazed on them a few moments in silent contemplation, dropped a tear on the venerable relics, and proceeded farther in his search. On the opposite side of the vault to that by which he had entered, was a small door half open; the bolts which had once secured it, cankered by rust, had fallen to the ground; though the door was not closed, it was evident it had remained so a considerable time; many years appeared to have completed their revolving

round since it had creaked on its heavy hinges, as the web woven by the spiders care had not been disturbed, nor had the dust with which it was thickly covered been in the least shaken off by its being moved. On entering it, the Count found himself in another stone-passage, similar to the one he had just quitted; the water stood in large drops upon the walls, the damp and noisome dews quite chilled his blood: he anxiously wished he had got to the end. After proceeding some way, he reached another winding stone staircase, the steps of which were more broken than the former ones, and consequently the difficulty of ascent was greater; when he had gone up a considerable way, on turning a corner, a sudden gust of wind blew out the torches and left them in total darkness. To retreat was impossible; the only alternative was to go forward, as the Count trusted he soon now must reach the top of the steps. His conjecture was right; on taking another turn, he perceived a glimmering of day-light, and ascending a little higher discovered a

large aperture, which proved to be the entrance. The Count was surprised to find it not secured in any way ; but looking round, he saw an iron grate which had once covered it almost hidden by the briars and brambles ; it was therefore sufficiently evident to him, that it had not been lately removed. The opening was situated in a valley, between two high hills ; on ascending one of them he perceived the castle to be at some little distance, and it was now discernible that the subterraneous vault and passages went directly under the moat that surrounded it. Although nothing had been discovered, which might lead to a supposition that any human being lately explored those dreary and solitary regions ; yet from the entrance being open, and the door of the vault not closed, it was certainly possible that some one might have got to the wainscot which separated the apartment of Angela from the staircase ; yet as she was totally unknown to anybody, except the Count and Countess, it was not probable so great an interest in her future welfare should be

taken by a stranger. The whole affair appeared a mystery of so complicated a nature, as time alone could unravel; but to prevent any person passing into the vault that way, the grate was directed to be again placed over the aperture, and to be well secured.

The Count now hastened to the castle, to acquaint Ellen with the fruitless result of his search. She had passed the intermediate time in the chamber of Angela, who by her affectionate care was now much recovered, but still too weak and languid to quit her room; the blushing rose and the pale lily were contending for the pre-eminence on her cheek, but the latter at present occupied the greater share; her eyes began again to beam with their wonted expression, especially when turned upon the Countess; the smile of benignity then glowed in her animated countenance, and betrayed the soft effusions of a grateful heart.

Angela, in compliance with the tender so-

licitude of Ellen, agreed to change the present apartments for some nearer to her, soon as she could remove, that in case of another alarm her anxious friends might be within hearing. When alone, she often heaved a sigh, prompted by filial duty, that she must still continue estranged from those dear parents who had given her life, had guarded her infant steps, and protected her riper years. She lamented the unmerited persecution of a father should drive her an outcast from his paternal wing, which ought to have shielded her from the dangers she would have been exposed to, had it not been for the protecting arm of a merciful providence, and the kindness of her friends; she regretted also the loss of the society of that beloved mother, who had nurtured her with tenderest care, and felt a reciprocal anguish at this separation; who, with streaming eyes and agitated breast, on her knees besought an inexorable father not to sacrifice his daughter, but all in vain. She also sometimes sighed from another cause, that Ricardo, her generous

deliverer, should leave her deeply impressed with a sense of her ingratitude, a vice so foreign to her heart; she anxiously longed again to see him, that, by an explanation she might remove such a suspicion from his mind. She then could not help drawing a contrast between him, and the detested cause of all her sorrows; she remembered, although completely in his power, he observed a delicacy which could not wound the purity of the most rigid virtue; she lamented such a man should be joined with midnight robbers, and trusted as they had been all dispersed, his noble mind would no longer suffer him to again mix with such associates, to which he was reluctantly at first driven, by the peculiar circumstances he laboured under. Being declared an outlaw, and a price set upon his head, his only crime that of avenging the wrongs of a beloved sister, where else could he find refuge or an asylum so secure as this solitary castle: even this step was productive of some good, as by his influence he saved the commission of many a crime.

Thus did Angela endeavour to soften the errors of Ricardo, errors which were shaded by his numerous virtues.

When the Count left Steinbergh, there was no other prospect but his immediate dissolution; he had lost the power of speech, his eyes were fixed, pulsation was nearly at an end, and his guilty soul appeared hovering on the borders of eternity; but intelligence was now brought to the castle that he was still alive, the fever had subsided, the vital spark was again relumined, and there was a dawn of hope, that he might yet recover. "Heaven be thanked!" exclaimed the Count, "for although he deserves to fall, I do not wish it to be by my hand; if his vows of penitence be sincere, grant he may yet live to make his peace with an offended God." Ellen felt rejoiced that such a weight was taken from the breast of Warburgh; and that he had sufficiently avenged his insulted honor, without the life of his antagonist.

While they were in earnest discourse, door opened, and to the surprise of both, Angela entered the room; she had found herself so much better, that she determined to astonish her anxious friends by venturing down. They were about to chide her for her temerity, but the animation and pleasure which glowed in her expressive countenance at being again enabled to join their society, checked every friendly reproach in the bud; they each took her hand, and congratulated her on her restoration most affectionately

Angela now discovered the Count's arm was in a sling, which had been carefully kept secret from her; her foreboding fears too soon revealed the cause. "Good Heaven," she said, "has the life of the Count been hazarded for me? what an accumulation of misery, my dearest Ellen, was I near bringing upon you! you would have had reason to curse the hour you offered me shelter and protection, had he fallen. Great God! what agony hast thou spared me; by preserving a life so

valuable :—but have you been much wounded ?” “Be composed,” the Count replied ; “do not alarm yourself with unnecessary fears ; it was merely a scratch, which is now almost healed. Had I fallen, you would have had no reason for self-reproach ; it was not your cause I avenged, but my own injured honour : I considered his conduct equally, an insult to me as to yourself.” “I rejoice that you are safe,” answered Angela, “but ah ! ease my anxious breast of one fear more—has the Baron fallen ?” “The Baron,” said the Count, “lives ; and though severely wounded, there is every prospect of his recovery.” “Oh, merciful providence,” Angela exclaimed, “what a load of anguish hast thou taken from my mind ! I hope he will live until repentance can dispel the terrors of death, and give him a well-grounded hope of pardon ; to be called hence, so suddenly, so unprepared, with all his offences on his head, would be most dreadful.” “Steinbergh,” said the Count, “appears to be fully sensible of the danger of his situation,

and has prepared himself for the awful change." "God grant," cried Angela, "his repentance may be sincere; but too often with returning health, returning virtue dies."

CHAP. X.



ANGELA was this evening to take possession of her new apartments ; they consisted of the same number of rooms, only upon a smaller scale ; one door of the dressing room opened into that of the Countess. She was much gratified by this mark of attention, and when she entered them, accompanied by Ellen, said, “ How can I ever repay you for all your goodness ! I am indeed the child of misfortune, and the fatality which hangs over me, seems also to extend to my generous and affectionate friends ; like some baleful plant, I appear to scatter blight and mildew all around me : I shudder with horror at the

reflection of the miseries of which I had nearly been the cause." "No more," answered Ellen affectionately, "all is now happily ended, and I trust misfortune awaits you no longer."

The Countess being "as women wish to be who love their lords," expected every day to bring the Count an increase of happiness, by giving him an heir to his large property; the moment was anxiously looked for, with many fears lest it should be a girl, as the estates were not to descend in the female line; but those fears were soon dissipated by Ellen being safely delivered of a boy. The welcome news was received with every demonstration of joy; the castle guns were fired in honor of his birth, and a rustic fete was given to the peasantry; universal joy pervaded the breasts of all; "Long live the little Count," resounded in every voice. Angela participated in the general happiness, and viewed with delight the innocent mirth of the peasants; their countenances blooming with rosy

health, and glowing with gratitude to their bounteous benefactors. Some, with awkward gait, were gliding through the mazy dance to the sound of a tabor and pipe; others, with muscular arm, hurling the ponderous quoit; while the enraptured parents were gazing with pleasure on the sinewy limbs of their boys, and the agile movements of their girls; smiling content was the inmate of each breast, and visible on every brow.

“What an interesting subject for the pencil!” said Angela to the Count; “what a field for the abilities of the artist! here is nature’s self, pure and uncorrupted; nature guided by the hand of virtue. How does the aged parent rejoice to behold the innocent pleasure of his offspring! what delight is it to see the human blossom expanding—blooming in full luxuriance!” A tear stole down her cheek at the recollection that she had no parents thus to gaze with rapture and delight on her; once she had experienced those sweet sensations, arising from having

inspired a parental breast with tenderness and affection ; but alas, those halcyon days were gone ! With a full heart, she turned from the smiling group, and retired to her chamber, that her tears might flow unobserved.

The father of Angela was by birth a Norman ; at an early age he entered into the service of his country, in which he remained until the Barony descended to him from his ancestors. The estate attached to the title, though large, was so much encumbered by the imprudence of its former possessors, that he could not keep up the dignity his rank required without laying upon it still heavier burdens ; he therefore constantly resided at a small estate he had purchased near Metz in Lorraine. He married the daughter of his Colonel ; a woman of most exemplary character, and had a mind stored with all those feminine graces which could adorn the wife and mother ; but as the army is not the school for economy, her father could spare

nothing during his life, and died insolvent. Heaven had blessed them with no offspring but Angela, to whom he looked up, with the ardent hope, that she would marry in such a manner as would extricate him from his present difficulties; no pains were spared in her education, and nothing that could tend to accomplish her was neglected. His embarrassments, and his means of getting clear of them, were studiously concealed from both the mother and the daughter: his heart vibrated with pleasure, when he perceived his hopes about to be realized, by the prospect of uniting her to the rich Baron Steinbergh.

Fitzormond had not disguised his situation; and Steinbergh had promised to remove the encumbrances from his estate on the marriage taking place; therefore to find this pleasing prospect he had so long anticipated nipped in the bud, by the respectful but firm refusal of Angela, preyed upon a temper naturally irritable, and which could ill brook

disappointment; his daughter's happiness, consequently, became only a secondary consideration, and what entreaty could not accomplish, he was determined force should.

Steinbergh, a stranger to the finer feelings of the soul, from which emanate all those sensations that are calculated to inspire a mutual affection; indifferent whether his bride gave him her heart with her hand, or was offered up, at the shrine of parental pride, an unwilling victim, left the arrangement of the matter to Fitzormond, and hardly deigned to ask the consent of Angela. Fruitless were the efforts of an affectionate wife to induce the latter to change his determination; in vain did a fond mother implore him not to destroy for ever the peace of his only child; the furious Baron, deaf to all entreaties, cried, in a voice of thunder, "My resolution is unalterable; to-morrow shall decide her fate; she shall then receive Steinbergh as a husband, or no longer consider me as a father."

Angela had now no resource but to fly for protection, from an obdurate parent, to the arms of an affectionate friend ; therefore, in the middle of the night, left her paternal roof on her way to Warburgh castle. Her flight was not discovered until the morning. When her attendant went, as usual, to the chamber, she found its inhabitant was gone, and the bed had not been occupied ; she instantly communicated it to the Baroness, who burst forth into an agony of grief. "Alas !" she exclaimed, "never, never, shall I see my child again !" Baron Fitzormond, hearing this exclamation, inquired the cause ; on being told his daughter was fled, his impetuous temper knew no bounds, and he was driven almost to madness, not with fears for the safety of Angela, but that all the hopes, so long cherished, and which this eventful day was to have crowned, were now blasted, probably for ever. Messengers were dispatched immediately in all directions in search of her, but every attempt was fruitless ; no traces of her could be found. When the

Baron knew this, in the paroxysm of his rage he called for curses on her head, and swore never to see her more but as the wife of Steinbergh. He was stung to the soul, when he considered his estates must remain in a dilapidated condition—must still be burdened with encumbrances. He accused the Baroness of being privy to her escape; “This madam,” he said, “was your advice; you have exposed your daughter to many dangers, and have driven your husband to ruin, irretrievable ruin!” In vain the wretched mother protested her innocence; in vain she assured him, that not for worlds should Angela have gone could she have prevented it; all was to no purpose; the angry Baron struck his forehead with violence, and with his eyes flashing indignation rushed from the room.

Time, although it had softened the rage of Fizormond, had not subdued the implacability of his temper; he was indifferent as to the fate of Angela, and only wished for her

return that he might force her to become the wife of Steinbergh.

Far otherwise was it with the Baroness; many a tear, in secret, bedewed her aged cheek; many a sigh escaped from her agitated bosom; and many a prayer did she offer up to the omnipotent ruler of heaven and earth, for the safety of a beloved daughter. The balm of religion could alone soothe the wounds of her disconsolate breast; and she submitted, with pious resignation, to the decrees of an all-wise providence; trusting that protecting arm which had raised Angela from infancy to maturity, would still be stretched over her, and shield her from every danger.

Warburgh castle was now the scene of true felicity; the Count and Countess gazed, with parental pride, on the sweet pledge of love which heaven had sent them; every day disclosed, to their anxious eyes, some new attraction not discovered before; in each

look, each dimple, fond imagination traced some fresh beauty.

Angela viewed with delight the happiness of her dearest friends, thus, firmly cemented by their fondest hopes being realized in the birth of a son, to inherit the riches and honours of the house of Warburgh; the remembrance of her own sorrows were, for a time, lost in the scene of connubial bliss before her, and her mind experienced a tranquillity to which she had lately been a stranger. It was a consoling reflection to her, that the death of Steinbergh could not be laid to her charge; if he had died, she would have felt her peace of mind deeply wounded, at being the cause, although the indirect one, of depriving a fellow-creature of existence. The Baron was now so far recovered, as to be removed, for change of air, to his estate near Vienna.

Sometimes a tear moistened the cheek of Angela, at the remembrance of the best of

mothers; sometimes a sigh escaped her when she thought of Ricardo; yet she fully participated in the happiness of her friend; being gratified with the society of her dearest Ellen, the companion of her infancy, the sister of her soul. To see her blessed, and distributing blessings all around, was to Angela a source of joy unutterable; she wanted nothing to make her present felicity perfect as human nature could admit, except the company of the Baroness, to be reconciled to her father, and to be justified from the charge of ingratitude to her generous deliverer. The Count and Countess were kind beyond expression to her; not a thought, not a wish could she form, but their unceasing attention anticipated. This gave to her always interesting countenance an additional animation; flushed with the rosy bloom of health, her prepossessing appearance and engaging manners were the admiration of all who saw her.

The dreary winter had now passed away,

almost imperceptibly to the inmates of Warburgh castle, and spring began to disclose her vernal beauties to the view. Angela fond of contemplating nature in all her various forms, used, sometimes in company with Ellen, sometimes alone, to wander, round the adjacent country. One day she would explore the valley, sit by the side of the meandering stream, behold with delight the finny race sporting on the glassy wave, and listen with rapture to the warbling of the feathered tribe.* Another day she would ascend the mountains top, and gaze upon the wonders of the ocean, when peaceful and calm, as her own breast, she beheld its smooth and unruffled surface, the distant sail with gentle breeze wafted towards her, and the wide expanse covered with the commerce of the globe floating majestically along: the industry of the humble fishermen also contributed to the beauty of the scenc. At another time, she saw it awfully grand; its proud billows rising to a tremendous height, and in their fall threatening to overwhelm

all beneath ; one moment the ponderous ship was high in air, the next hidden in an abyss of water. She often trembled for the fate of the hardy mariner ; and when she turned from the terrific scene, offered up an ejaculation to the throne of heaven for his safety. At other times her amusement was to contemplate the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance around ; to mark each beauty, each various light and shade, and in them to view the mighty hand of an all-powerful Creator : frequently she gazed with admiration on the setting sun, descending in majestic grandeur beneath the horizon, until its beams grew fainter, and at length were no more seen.

The pious mind of Angela delighted to trace the God of nature in all his wonderful works ; the Countess, whose soul was cast in a congenial mould, frequently partook of these rambles with her friend, and enjoyed the same rational delight ; what beauties were not observed by one, were pointed out

by the other, so that not the smallest work of a bounteous providence escaped them.

One evening the sun had been sometime set, night was fast approaching, and Angela had not returned from her usual walk ; the Count and Countess, anxious for her safety, went to meet her, but after having strolled a considerable way in those parts she was most accustomed to frequent, until they were environed with total darkness, to their great surprise she was no where to be found. When objects were no longer visible, the Count called, with a loud voice, on the name of Angela ; the valleys re-echoed Angela, but no voice was heard to answer. The consternation of Ellen was such, that the arm of Warburgh could with difficulty support her trembling limbs back to the castle. The Count determined to take many of his attendants, with torches, and again go in search of her : they once more visited the mountains top, her favorite valley, and every part where she generally used to ramble, but all in vain ;

no traces could be discovered of her. So intent were they in the search, that not a grove, not a bush, was left unexamined; and the castle clock struck twelve before they desisted from it. The only inference the Count could now draw, was, that she had insensibly wandered far from home, in a direction hitherto unexplored by her, and returning while he was in search of her, had missed the drawbridge and fallen into the moat, which the Count directed should be immediately examined. But 'what pen can describe his sensations when he saw the dead body of a female taken out! his blood ran cold, every nerve was palsied with horror; greatly agitated he turned from the scene, silently ejaculating, "Alas! my foreboding fears were too true!" what a blow for my dearest Ellen! how shall I reveal to her the fatal news!" He then directed the body to be brought into the castle and washed, as it was so completely disguised with mud from the bottom of the moat, that neither feature or dress could be distinguished. While the

Count was ruminating on the melancholy sight, with the tear of regret rolling down his manly cheek, that such youth and beauty should thus prematurely fall an early victim to the grave, the Countess, all anxiety for her friend, entered the hall ; on sight of the body she flew towards it, with a heart bursting with agony, clasped it in her arms, faintly articulated Angela !" and fell senseless upon it.

The attention of all was now recalled from the dead to the living ; Ellen was removed from the corpse, and carried without any signs of life to her chamber. The Count, in a state actually bordering on distraction, began to fear she had breathed her last ; messengers were dispatched for medical aid various ways, but before any could be procured she had given symptoms of returning life. The attendants had chafed her temples, and applied every stimulative means which could relume the almost exhausted spark of animation ; she now evidently breathed again, but

apparently with difficulty ; when a little more recovered, she appeared to be in a stupor, and to have lost every recollection of the past. The physician in attendance directed that the melancholy subject which had caused her illness should not be mentioned in her presence, lest it should again arouse her dormant faculties to a keen perception of her sorrows

The Count ordered, as a last sad tribute to the many virtues of the deceased, that the funeral obsequies should be solemnized with all possible magnificence, in a manner suited to the daughter of Baron Fitzormond ; and that she should be laid in the family vault, appropriated for the remains of the house of Warburgh. He knew it would be a melancholy consolation to his dearest Ellen, that every respect had been paid to the memory of Angela.

The Countess was now something better ; the stupor was gone, her senses restored, and

a calm and dignified sorrow had succeeded it ; she determined to summon fortitude sufficient to see the body deposited in its kindred dust ; she deemed it an indispensable duty to make this offering, at the shrine of friendship, to pay this last tribute to the memory of those virtues which had shone on all with such resplendency. Not the intreaties of a beloved husband could shake her unalterable resolution ; she hoped the time which must necessarily intervene before the funeral, would recruit her strength, and enable her to support the trial.

The faithful Agnes, who had never left the body since it was found, stood bathed in tears, while the attendants were performing the necessary ablutions to cleanse it from the mud with which it was so completely incrustated, that it took a considerable time before it was possible to distinguish a feature ; soon as the countenance was cleared from the dirt which adhered to it, she saw, to her utter surprise, *it was not that of her mistress.*

She delayed not a moment to carry to the Count such welcome intelligence ; her impatience was so great, that it was sometime before she could articulate to be understood ; at length she exclaimed, in a hurried tone, " My mistress, I hope, is alive ; the corpse that was taken out of the moat is not hers." The Count concluded that grief, for the loss she sustained, had disordered her intellects, the story appearing so improbable ; he was however determined to see whether Agnes had any reason for such a supposition ; he therefore went immediately to the room where it was deposited, and to his great joy perceived her story to be true : the form was that of Angela, but not the features. He hastened to Ellen, but dare not trust her with the truth at once, lest the sudden transition should be too much for her ; by degrees he communicated this most gratifying information, than which nothing could have given her greater pleasure, but the return of Angela. She clasped her hands, and with uplifted eyes to heaven, emphatically pronoun-

ced, "God be praised ! Oh, Almighty Ruler, grant my prayer, and restore her once more to me ; let me again behold the friend of my early youth ; stretch forth thy omnipotent arm to shield her from every ill, to guard her from every danger.

The Count wishing to procure information to whom the body belonged, desired all the peasantry that surrounded the castle should see the corpse, in hopes some one would be enabled to recognize it, that the wretched parents (if alive) might be acquainted with the death of their child ; but of all who saw it, none could give any intelligence. Messengers were sent to the adjacent villages, within the circle of a few miles, to make inquiry, without effect ; numbers thronged to the castle, some impelled by curiosity only, others with the hope of giving the wished for information. On the fourth morning a peasant, who lived at some distance, was accidentally passing by, and joined the crowd that came to look at it ; he immediately knew it

to be the daughter of his neighbour, the village priest, who had been missing from home a few days previous to the body being found. In consequence of her father disapproving an attachment she had formed, she quitted her paternal roof, and had not been heard of since; no fears were entertained for her safety, as it was concluded she had fled with the unworthy object of her choice: her relatives justly offended at such a breach of filial duty, never made any enquiry, determining to leave her to the lot she had chosen for herself. The peasant hastened home with the melancholy intelligence, and the disconsolate parent, soon as possible, arrived to remove the remains of his daughter from the castle; on sight of the corpse he tore his grey hairs, wrung his hands with bitterest anguish, and reproached himself as being her murderer. "Had I complied with the inclinations of my child," he said, "she still might have been alive; she was the staff of my declining years!" He appeared so miserable, that the servants were moved with compas-

sion towards him; they carried the body into the castle yard, and placed it on some clean straw in a cart, which he had brought to receive it, and having covered it with a cloth, the wretched father proceeded slowly towards his now comfortless home.

As the mind of Ellen was relieved from the great weight that oppressed it, by the certainty that Angela was not drowned in the moat, she grew daily better, but still her sympathizing breast often heaved a sigh for the return of her friend; the loss of her society was a great alloy to the happiness she otherwise enjoyed; it was a chasm that could not be filled up. She experienced a melancholy pleasure, by retracing the steps of her fascinating companion in all their favorite walks; in gazing on the various beauties which had been pointed out by her discriminating taste. Every shrub, every flower, that Angela had admired claimed the attention of Ellen; she looked at them in mournful silence, and offered to each the tribute of

a tear—a tear that flowed from the bosom of affection. Although she felt the keenest regret at her absence, yet that regret was consolation when compared to the anguish of her mind which the idea of her death had occasioned ; the spark of hope was rekindled in her breast, and she indulged the fond idea of beholding her once again.

As the Countess was returning from one of these solitary rambles, she was accosted by a female, who said she had found an ornament that appeared to be gold, and which from its value, she imagined, could belong to no one but herself ; she was therefore hastening to the castle to restore it. Ellen took it in her hand ; it was a locket that contained some hair, on which was a cypher in pearls with the letters A. F. ; in an instant she recognized it to be the one Angela always wore, suspended from her neck, by a gold chain : the hair was that of her venerable mother. Ellen pressed it to her lips, and liberally rewarded the finder. This memorial

of her beloved friend was a source of some comfort to her, yet the pleasure of being in possession of it was much abated when she remembered how Angela prized the trinket, and the severe regret she would consequently experience at the loss of it; yet it was great consolation to Ellen that it had fallen into her hands, and she anticipated the delightful sensation of restoring it, for which pleasure she most anxiously longed. Upon further examination, she perceived the little ring that attached it to the chain was broken off, which nothing but the hand of violence could have effected; this fully established the conviction in her mind, that Angela was taken away by force; but by whom, was an inexplicable mystery. Steinbergh appeared to be a sincere penitent, and was far distant; her father would assuredly have rather openly claimed his daughter, than taken her by stealth. The more Ellen conjectured the more she was bewildered; there appeared from the extraordinary circumstances which

had occurred, a fatality attendant upon Angela which time alone could unravel.

CHAP. XI.



ON the eventful evening that Angela was missing, she had been so intently contemplating nature in all her various works, and the wonders of a bountiful providence, that she struck into a path, without observing it, which she had not before explored ; and she did not perceive it, until night was fast approaching. Alarmed at being so far from home, and in a part to which she was a stranger ; fearing she might lose her way amongst the mountains and vallies that surrounded her, she with a hasty step directed her course towards the castle, while yet its lofty turrets could be dimly seen at a dis-

taunce. She had just reached the track to which she was accustomed, when she discerned two men advancing; they were covered with long horsemen's cloaks, the capes of which so disguised them, their faces could not be perceived; the path was so narrow, that it became impossible to avoid passing close to them; she therefore continued to go on, with as much fortitude as she could summon to her aid. It was soon evident, the attention of both was fixed upon her; on perceiving which she hesitated for a moment whether she should turn back, but she was confident they were now too near for her to escape, consequently there was no alternative but going forward: the more she examined them, the greater reason she felt for terror and alarm. Having not many valuables about her, she should not have regarded being robbed, but they appeared from their demeanour, as if murder had been familiar to them: when she got closer her heart throbbed with agitation; at length she reached them, and to her great joy, they permit-

ted her to pass unmolested. Her heart vibrated with pleasure at this fortunate escape ; she now condemned herself most severely for being so uncharitable in her suspicions, but before she had time for much reflection she heard the sound of footsteps, and turning hastily round perceived the men were following her ; fear lent her wings, and she ran forward with all the velocity she was capable of, but had not got many yards when she felt her arms seized, and at the same moment a bandage thrown over her eyes. She screamed with affright, and made what resistance she could : in the struggle the locket with her mother's hair was torn from her breast, and fell to the ground. One of the men took her and carried her into the valley, where, concealed by some trees, they had left their horses ; when he was mounted, the other lifted Angela up, and placed her on the horse before his comrade, then both galloped off with rapidity. Not a word could she elicit from either of them respecting the cause of her being thus forcibly taken away ;

they were alike indifferent to intreaties or threats: nothing could induce them to break an impenetrable silence. She therefore had no resource left, but to make up her mind to her fate, whatever it might be; her life had been lately so chequered with misfortune, that it was comparatively of little value.

By the noise of the sea becoming more distinct, she knew she was going towards it; after riding thus sometime, the horses suddenly stopped; she was taken in the arms of one of the men, who carried her a few yards, then placed her upon a seat, and she felt by the undulating motion she was in a boat. Soon as they put off from the shore, the bandage was removed from her eyes, and she saw seated in the stern, by her side, one of the men who had conveyed her hither. There were three more men, one to steer, and the others to attend to the sails; soon as they were hoisted, the wind being favourable and water smooth, the boat glided along with great velocity.

Angela, in a little while, perceived a small vessel riding in the offing, to which they were evidently directing their course; a few moments more brought them alongside; a chair was let down, she was placed in it, and immediately hoisted on board. The captain was ready to receive her; after respectfully bowing, he conducted her down the hatchway, into the cabin; he told her this was the apartment appropriated to her, and she would find on the sideboard what refreshments she might stand in need of. Angela thought she could discern in his countenance, that he possessed more of the milk of human kindness than any of the rest: as he was going to return to the deck, she laid hold of his arm to stop him—"Tell me, I conjure you, tell me," she said, "why I am thus, against my will, torn from my friends?—for what purpose am I brought hither?—and whither am I about to be taken?—For God's sake, ease my bursting heart!" The man appeared to commiserate her distress—"Would I could tell you, lady," he replied, "but I am sworn

to secrecy ; all I have to subsist upon depends on my silence. Be assured every respect and attention shall be shown you while under my care." He then quitted the cabin evidently much agitated.

Angela seemed now bereft of every friend ; she threw herself on a sofa in an agony of mind beyond description, and remained there until a shower of tears came to her relief. As she found every effort to know her destination unavailing, she determined to trust in the protection of providence, and wait the event with a pious resignation to its decrees. On looking round the cabin, she perceived it was most superbly furnished ; the chairs and sofa were of crimson velvet ; in a niche on one side was a handsome bed, as large as the place would permit, with silken curtains drawn before it ; also the roof and panels were richly gilt. She therefore knew it to be a yacht, belonging to some person of importance ; and on further examination, she saw

with concern, emblazoned in burnished gold the arms of the House of Steinbergh.

Such a sight turned the cheek of Angela pale, for she beheld in it all her foreboding fears confirmed. “Is this the Baron’s penitence?” she mentally ejaculated;—“are these the symptoms of returning virtue?—no, never will virtue be an inmate of his callous breast!—too deeply is vice rooted there, for good to emanate from a spring so impure. Alas! for what insults am I reserved?—what have I to undergo from this hated destroyer of my peace? Oh, that it had pleased heaven not to have preserved him for the commission of fresh crimes.

Angela now felt that the vessel was under weigh; though the motion was not great, yet it made her unwell; she became very giddy, therefore laid down upon the bed, to endeavour if possible to get some repose: every effort to procure it, however proved abortive. Although she was not so giddy when reclined

on the bed, her head ached violently; and the sound of the men's feet walking the deck over her, not a little contributed to deprive her of sleep; she therefore rose in the morning quite fatigued, from the restless night she had passed.

The vessel now appeared to be motionless; it was a calm, and the surface had become quite smooth, not a ripple was to be seen upon it; Angela consequently found she had made but little progress during the night, as the hills that surrounded Warburgh castle were still visible to the eye. Many a long, many a lingering look, did she turn towards them as she pensively sat at the cabin window: "There," she said, "resides my beloved Ellen; there her excellent husband, to whom I am bound by every tie of friendship and of gratitude. At this moment, perhaps they are lamenting the loss of their unfortunate protegee; little do they think she can yet behold the places where she has rambled

with them, and traced the wonders of all benevolent nature.

Angela was interrupted in her reverie by the entrance of the captain, followed by a servant bringing in breakfast; he bowed, and requested to know if there was any thing in his power which could render his fair prisoner more comfortable? She answered there was not; on which he pointed to a bell, and said if she would ring it when in want of any thing, an attendant should wait her commands: also recommended her, if she felt not well from the motion of the vessel, to walk upon deck, where the air would prove beneficial. She politely thanked him for his civility, and he then retired. There were symptoms of concern and regret visible in the man's countenance, which convinced her, if she persisted in her intreaty, he could not refrain from telling her to what place she was destined; but her noble nature scorned to betray him into an action which might eventually be the ruin of him; she therefore

determined to await her doom in silence, for she reflected, knowing her destination would not relieve her from it.

Soon as Angela had breakfasted she again resumed her seat at the cabin window, and still fixed her eyes on that dear spot where she passed so many happy hours; where she experienced all the joys reciprocal friendship and affection could bestow. A light breeze began to be discerned upon the water, which soon reached the vessel, and put it again in motion; the hills round Warburgh castle gradually receded from the view, until they were at length quite lost in the clouds: Angela continued to gaze upon the spot as long as an atom was visible, then turned herself away, and wept.

The gentle breeze now became a fresh gale; the sun, which had risen in all its splendour, was no longer to be seen, and the atmosphere was obscured by black and threatening clouds; every moment the wind in-

creased, and before night blew with great violence. How changed the prospect ! the sea, from a calm unruffled state, was now in the greatest agitation. The yacht was this moment carried an immense height, on the top of a tremendous billow ; the next buried in an abyss of water, which dashed with such violence against the windows of the cabin, as to be in danger every moment of breaking in, and washing down all before it : some men were consequently sent to put on the dead lights.* The vessel rolled so violently from side to side, that Angela could not stand ; she therefore threw herself on the sofa, faint, exhausted, and sick with the motion.

Night approached ; all was utter darkness, except when the reflection of the vivid lightning flashed upon the atmosphere, accompanied with loud and repeated claps of

* Dead lights, in the nautical language, are large wooden shutters placed on the outside of the windows, to secure them in bad weather.

thunder. The wind blew a perfect hurricane; not a sail could be hoisted but it was instantly split in pieces; the vessel no longer answered her helm, and became ungovernable. Presently a violent crash was heard, which proceeded from the mast being carried over the side; nothing more could be done than to trust to providence for the event; the yacht was evidently driving to the north west. Consternation and terror were depicted in every countenance, and each successive wave they expected would be their passport to eternity.

Angela remained upon the sofa almost in a state of insensibility; death brought no terrors to her, her life being so chequered with misfortune as to render it not worth preserving; a torpor, an apathy came over her, and she seemed indifferent to whatever might happen. The captain came, once or twice, into the cabin to warn her of the impending danger; but being in that quiescent state, he returned without disturbing her: to es-

cape from the perils that surrounded them was impossible, therefore to alarm her useless.

When the day broke the tempest had ceased, but the gale was not at all moderated; nothing could be seen but the tremendous ocean raising its proud waves to the sky, and roaring like the fall of a cataract; many a billow broke over them, and appeared to threaten destruction to all on board. The seamen, no longer under command, fled to the usual resource on those occasions, that of drowning their fears by intoxication; notwithstanding the remonstrance of the captain, they broke open a cask of spirits, and took such copious libations, that they were soon extended on the main deck in a state of brutal insensibility: the man who seizedⁱⁿ Angela, and brought her from the shore, was one of the number.

Another day passed in this dreadful state. As night began to close, the captain again

visited his passenger; he found she was in the same stupor as before; but perceived the water was getting into the cabin; it therefore became indispensably necessary to attempt to arouse her, and bring her upon deck, for she could no longer remain below in safety. Every effort was unavailing to make her sensible of the danger; she only looked at him with a wild unmeaning stare. He resolved to attempt to save her, therefore took her in his arms and carried her covering her with his boat cloak; when he had ascended the hatchway ladder, he lashed both himself and her to the side of the ship, to prevent their being washed overboard, that should any possible chance of safety appear, they might be ready to embrace it: but alas! the dawn of day soon convinced him the last remnant of hope was vanished. The land was perceived at a small distance, and the broken water too truly told the captain that between the vessel and the shore there were numberless rocks, on which it was fast driving; he therefore knew he, then stood on

the brink of eternity, and he could not help considering his untimely fate a just judgment for being the instrument of such a man as Baron Steinbergh. With uplifted hands and tearful eyes, he supplicated heaven for mercy and forgiveness.

Angela appeared still in the same torpid condition, every faculty remained benumbed; the sea had so often broken over her in the course of the night, that she was completely drenched; not only her faculties, but each limb was deprived of its powers by cold and wet. Her beautiful, and once expressive countenance had lost all its animation, and every feature seemed fixed and immoveable, as if death had already struck her with his fatal dart. The companion of her danger beheld with envy the state of insensibility in which she was; how calm, how tranquil an end, he thought, to the pangs of conscience which rend this distracted breast! How can I face an avenging God?—how appear before his just tribunal? There was no time for

farther reflection; the vessel struck upon a rock, the tremendous surf broke over it; after two or three violent blows it went to pieces, and every soul on board was precipitated into the devouring deep.

The people on the shore were assembled in great numbers, looking to the certain fate of the yacht with trembling anxiety, and lamenting that no human aid could save it; had the weather been more moderate, many boats would have been launched to have relieved their distress, but it was impossible any one of them could have lived a moment in such a sea; therefore all the trembling islanders could do (for it proved to be one of the Orkney Isles) was to offer up prayers to Heaven for the vessel's safety. An universal groan was uttered when they saw the wreck go to pieces, and some of the bodies floating on the surface; whilst others were at once buried in a watery grave, and sunk to rise no more.

The natives (who chiefly consisted of fishermen) now observed an awful silence ; terror, consternation, and dismay were strongly visible in every countenance. It was however a little relief to their wounded feelings, when they saw two bodies fastened to a piece of wreck (which were those of the captain and Angela) driven by the waves towards the land ; sometimes they were distinctly seen, and at others covered with the roaring billows. Several men went for the longest boat-hooks they could procure, in order to draw them to the shore soon as they were floated within reach ; they then ventured as far into the sea as they could, after taking the precaution to have long ropes tied round their waists, one end of which was held fast by their companions on the beach, lest they should be drowned by the surf breaking over them.

While these hardy islanders were standing immersed to their breast in water, hoping, through providence, to be the humble instru-

ments of preserving the lives of two fellow creatures, others were busy preparing the means they had been instructed to provide for the recovery of persons apparently drowned, by the excellent society established for that purpose; after various efforts they succeeded in catching with their boat-hooks that part of the wreck on which the bodies floated. On being drawn to the shore, there was not the smallest symptom of life perceptible in either: though recovery appeared an hopeless case, yet these benevolent Scots determined to make the trial. Soon as they had unfastened the ropes, they bore them, in solemn silence, to the two nearest cottages; that of Angela was carried to the hut of Sandy Macleod, an old, but industrious fisherman: Moggy, his faithful wife, and Janet, his blooming daughter, a ruddy lass of sixteen, struck with the appearance of their lifeless guest, were both anxious to give their feeble assistance: With the help of their female neighbours, the body was quickly stripped, and placed before a large fire; after rubbing

it for sometime, and using such other methods as they were directed to do, the only medical man on the island arrived, and much gratified them with the hope that their efforts would be successful, as he said he discovered a slight degree of pulsation. This gave them courage to proceed ; at length it was perceptible that suspended respiration had returned.

But although the same means were tried with the captain, they were unavailing ; the vital spark was quite exhausted, and every attempt to restore animation fruitless ; his soul was fled to be recalled no more. The fishermen buried him plainly, but decently, and followed his remains on the next Sunday to the grave ; their pious pastor, in an appropriate discourse, pointed out the case of the unfortunate man, who in the midst of health had in one moment been precipitated into eternity ; and from thence drew an inference of the uncertainty of human life, and the strong necessity of always being prepared to quit it.

After some hours Angela opened her eyes, and in a few days her senses returned ; every thing that had passed appeared like a dream to her. She could not conceive how, or by what means she came thither ; she beheld the humble abode in which she was, and the strange faces about her, with astonishment ; but she found their language so different to her own, that it was impossible to gain any information of the cause of it. She addressed them in French and German, all to no purpose ; the only answer she could obtain was "*I donna ken*," accompanied with a melancholy shake of the head. Although Angela knew a little English, yet that language with the Scottish accent was so different, she could not understand a word of it. She was however satisfied she was amongst friends, as the countenances of Moggy, and her blooming daughter Janet, glowed with good nature ; they were so kind and attentive to every sign made by Angela, so assiduous to oblige, that she felt inexpressibly attached to them. The appearance of Janet was pe-

cularly striking ; her ruddy complexion, dark expressive eyes, and auburn ringlets, playing round her face in all the wild luxuriance of nature, rendered her particularly attractive, and caused Angela the more to lament she could not make her sensible of her gratitude. In a little time (although still very weak) she was enabled to sit up part of the day ; Janet was so pleased to see such favourable symptoms, that she endeavoured to tempt her fair guest into the air, trusting the pleasant and reviving breezes from the sea would hasten her restoration. Sandy's arm-chair, with his cushion, made from the skin of his faithful Tray, was placed at the cottage door ; she then gave signs to Angela to go with her, who, aided by the arm of her kind nurse, quitted her chamber, and soon took possession of the seat prepared for her. The day was fine, the weather not sultry, but warm ; she was rather fatigued with this little exertion, but found the air refreshing. On looking towards the expanse of water before her, she saw all was calm and

serene; nothing agitated its glassy bosom; she could hardly suppose it possible to be the same element which rose with such tremendous majesty, and threatened instant destruction to all within its reach. She beheld with strong emotions the spot where, she imagined, the vessel was dashed in pieces, and all but herself precipitated in one fatal moment into eternity; the longer she looked, the more she blessed the wonder-working hand of providence, for his great and signal mercies vouchsafed to her. With tears of gratitude rolling down her pallid cheek, she endeavoured to express how sensibly she felt the obligations due to the good fisherman and his family, as they were under that providence, the humble instruments of her preservation; she pressed the hand of Janet with affectionate regard, who would not leave her for a moment, but sat spinning by her side, with a countenance glowing with animation and delight at the speedy prospect of the complete restoration of Angela. Old Moggy and honest Sandy were no less grati-

fied at her recovery; and proud of their unknown guest, earnestly wished they could speak her language, that they might assure her by words, as well as deeds, how warmly they participated in their daughter's joy at her revival from the brink of the grave.

CHAP. XII.



ANGELA soon gained strength enough to walk a short way from the cottage, with the help of Janet, but here her discriminating eye had not the opportunity of tracing the wonders of nature. There were no lofty trees, whose rich foliage sheltered the traveller from the noon-tide sun ; no meandering streams, well stored with the finny race sporting in wanton playfulness upon its glassy bosom ; no shady groves, the seat of contemplation ; all seemed bleak and desolate ; scarce a tree, or a bush to be met with ; nothing but a wide and boundless ocean before her, and a distant view of the town of Kirk-

wall behind her (for she was upon the island of Pomona, the largest of the Orkneys): here and there was a peasant's cottage, and near the beach a few fishermen's huts. How different, she said, with a sigh, from the dear environs of Warburgh; from the grounds planned by the refined taste of my beloved Ellen, which bloom with every rare and rich exotic that natural or artificial heat could produce.

A month had now elapsed since Angela had been washed on shore, almost a lifeless corpse; notwithstanding the efforts of her humble friends, she yet continued to feel the effects of the shock her tender frame had sustained. She was still languid, weak, and faint; her walks were obliged to be very short, as she did not find herself adequate to the extension of them: her chief amusement was endeavouring to converse with Janet, which by degrees she in some measure accomplished. Knowing a little of the English language was of great utility to her; she had

therefore only to understand the Scottish accent, and learn how to pronounce it; by dint of application she succeeded beyond her expectations, to the infinite joy of her companions. Her first effort was to assure the honest fisherman and his family of her gratitude for the preservation of her life, and to tell them, that when again restored to her friends she would reward them more substantially than with thanks. Her erst Sandy declared he wished for no other reward than his own feelings, at being enabled to rescue a fellow creature from the grasp of death.

As Angela was desirous to take the earliest moment her health would permit to re-join her kind friends at Warburgh and alleviate the anxiety she knew they must suffer on her account, she already began to make inquiry whether any vessel ever touched at this island from either Germany or France, and to her regret was informed, none came there but those employed in bringing provisions from the neighbouring coast of Scot-

land ; she however consoled herself with the hope, that when able to depart, by crossing over thither, she should have it in her power to find something in which she might take her passage to the place she now considered as her only home. This, although it had been the scene of some troubles to her, had also been the source of many pleasures ; there she had the society of her amiable Ellen : there she experienced all those refined joys emanating from an attachment, reciprocal, pure, and unalterable, formed in her earliest years, and cemented by mutual regard. Although she looked forward with impatience to the moment that she hoped would restore her to these comforts, yet she felt the firm conviction this blessing must be denied her sometime longer, being in too weak a state to undergo the fatigue of another voyage at present ; she therefore knew she should yet be constrained to remain under the hospitable roof of the honest fisherman. She daily, accompanied by Janet, walked as far as her strength would admit ; and although there

was no variety of prospect, no change of scene, she felt breathing the pure air of the island, added to gentle exercise, rendered her considerably better.

One day she had rambled imperceptibly farther from the cottage than she intended, and in consequence was so fatigued as to be under the necessity of resting before she could return; she therefore sat down upon the grass, with Janet by her side. They had not been long seated when Angela saw a stranger coming towards them; as she had never beheld here any human being but a few fishermen and their families, she was surprised to see a person above the common class: he was tall, and had something the appearance of a gentleman. On his reaching them Janet instantly rose, and doffed him one of her best courtesies; he was totally regardless of her civility, as his whole attention was absorbed in contemplation of Angela; a sight so unusual there, almost riveted him to the spot, with amazement and

surprise. She seemed to him like a descended Goddess ; the effusions of blushes, which his eager gaze excited, made the roses return for a moment to her pallid cheek, and caused her to look lovely and fascinating, as nature formed her. Wishing to avoid farther observation, she arose, took the arm of Janet, and was proceeding on her way to the cottage, when he stopped her companion, and anxiously inquired who this enchanting unknown was, and from whence she came ? Angela walked forward, and Janet informed him, that she was a foreign lady of rank, who had been, about a month since, washed on shore from a vessel that was wrecked on this coast, apparently a lifeless corpse ; but by the united exertions of her neighbours and herself, had, to their great joy, been restored from the brink of the grave ; and taken her father's humble dwelling as her abode, until she shall have regained sufficient strength to return to Germany.

The stranger, awed by the presence of

Angela, dared not follow her, but stood as if transfixed to the earth, casting many a longing, lingering look towards her, until she was lost to his view. When her companion rejoined her, she inquired who the person they had just seen was, and for what he detained her? "He is," said Janet, "the son of our Laird, who is the greatest man in all the island; his name is Mc Donald, and he lives near Kirkwall; he was desirous of knowing whom you were, and from whence you came." "Were you able to satisfy his curiosity," asked Angela? "I did, as far as was in my power," Janet replied, "but I know not where you came from myself; I however told him I believed from Germany." "You told him true," Angela resumed with a sigh, at the remembrance of her beloved Ellen, and Warburgh Castle. When, oh when, she thought, shall I again see its valued inhabitants, the noble dispensers of peace, happiness, and contentment to all around? then, with uplifted hands, she blessed the God of mercies for her signal deliverance from a premature

death, and for the dawning hope, that she should soon again be enabled to return to the society of those so dear to her. Notwithstanding the support of Janet, on regaining the cottage, she found herself greatly fatigued; and felt her strength would not yet let her exceed her usual ramble; she was much agitated, fearing her exertions should bring on a relapse, and detain her longer than she expected on the island; however, after a good night's rest, she perceived herself much recruited.

The next morning she was sitting at the cottage door in Sandy's arm chair, exhaling the fresh sea breezes, when she beheld the Laird's son approaching her; as he came near he bowed respectfully, and presented her with a note written in French by Miss Mc Donald, requesting her to leave the fisherman's hut, where a person of her rank must be so ill accommodated, and to take the Laird's house for her residence during her continuance. Angela was pleased with this

mark of civility and attention, but determined not to leave the roof of her humble friends ; she was so much attached to Janet, whose interesting countenance, beaming with innocence and good nature, was the index of a mind, though unpolished, yet abounding with affection and kindness, that she could not bear to be bereft of her companion until it was unavoidable, as since she could converse with her, she found a great source of comfort and artless sincerity in her society ; she was so deeply indebted to her, that gratitude alone must have compelled her to continue where she was.

Angela was about to write an answer, but upon enquiry she found that pen, ink, and paper, being useless articles with honest Sandy and his family, were not to be had under his roof ; she therefore was forced to send a verbal message back, by the young man who brought the letter. The Laird's son understood a little French, which enabled Angela, in that language, to acquaint him

how much she felt obliged to his father for his generous offer, but that as she hoped her health would soon admit of her return home, she declined changing her residence, which she assured him was rendered very comfortable by the kindness of the fisherman and his family. She also said, she should be glad if the Laird would inform her whether there would be any prospect of her obtaining, when she was quite recovered, a passage in some vessel to Germany. The countenance of young Mc Donald betrayed a disappointed hope at the refusal of Angela, and endeavoured to persuade her to alter her resolution, but in vain; he conversed some time with her, but from his bad pronounciation she had much difficulty to understand him; and at length took his leave, regretting his mission had proved so unsuccessful, but promised to return in the morning with his father's answer to her request.

Early on the ensuing day a small cart arrived, containing some wine and such re-

freshments of which the Laird thought Angela stood in need, and were beyond the power of Sandy to procure ; soon after young Mc Donald made his appearance, accompanied by a venerable old man, whose silver locks, bleached by the hand of time, too truly told that not less than seventy revolving years had passed over his head. His astonishment at the sight of Angela was equal to that of his son ; never had he seen a figure so attractive ; never had he beheld a countenance so expressive, which indicated a mind not cast in the common mould. She soon perceived it was the Laird himself, therefore arose and made him a graceful courtsey ; he took her by the hand, and as the French language did not make a part of education in his early years, he was about to call his son to be his interpreter, when she soon relieved him from this difficulty, by assuring him she could speak a little English, though very indifferently, and could understand it better than she could write or pronounce it ; but French being her native tongue, she always

felt herself most inclined to converse in that language when she could find any foreigner that was acquainted with it. A gleam of pleasure sparkled in the old Laird's eyes at this intelligence; he took a seat by the side of her, and began by regretting she could not be prevailed upon to make one of his family during her stay. "He had ventured," he said, "to send her a few bottles of the choicest wine, some of the best vegetables his garden would afford, and such other provisions as might tend to recruit her lost strength, and soon restore her from convalescence to perfect health; he also confirmed Sandy's intelligence, that ships seldom touched there, except those which constantly traded from the Island to the neighbouring coast of Scotland; but that many of those vessels belonged to him, one of which should be at her command to take her where she pleased, soon as she was able to undergo the fatigue of the voyage; also that his son should accompany her; at the same time

lamenting his age prevented him from attending her personally.

Angela made her warmest acknowledgments for this handsome and liberal offer to an utter stranger, and assured him she should ever feel deeply impressed with it. His kindness had relieved her mind from considerable uneasiness, and the cheering hope that she should now soon rejoin her dearest Ellen, caused her fascinating countenance to glow with more than usual animation; the blood came in quick rushing tumults to her pallid cheek, and overshadowed it for a moment with what appeared like the roseate bloom of health. The old Laird, at the sight of her, felt young again; and his son gazed on her with silent admiration. Angela was much pleased with her new acquaintance; there was such candor and benevolence in his manner, that she was extremely gratified by his conversation; but lamented, that from her deficient knowledge of the language, she could not understand every word so fully as

she wished; she had however made sufficient progress to know the general purport of it. Although she had resisted the invitation of both father and son to become an inmate of their family, as she conceived it would be a species of ingratitude to her first and humble benefactors, yet she readily acceded to the proposal of passing a day with them, and before they parted it was settled that young Mc Donald should bring a horse the next morning for her, and accompany her to the Laird's residence; this being finally arranged, they arose to take their leave; the old man shook her heartily by the hand, and the young one bowing respectfully, they departed.

CHAP. XIII.



ANGELA now called for her companion Janet, that she might accompany her in her usual morning's ramble; she seemed to tread in air, her strength appeared returned, and every fibre renovated, so much was she exhilarated by the prospect of soon revisiting Warburgh. Its groves, its grounds, its shady vallies, were all to her so many hallowed spots, sacred to friendship and affection; its Castle's venerable walls contained within them, next to her parents, all that was dear to her on earth; whose lofty turrets afforded her a shelter when she was an outcast and a wanderer. This cheering hope lightened

her susceptible heart of the weight which oppressed it, and she walked with a rapidity that surprised Janet, who was obliged to caution her against over exertion; she shuddered at the bare idea of a relapse, which might detain her longer on the Island, therefore immediately checked her pace, and thanked her companion for the friendly hint.

On returning to Sandy's cot, she examined the present that was sent her, and found, in addition to the wine and other refreshments, a small parcel containing some changes of linen, and two of Miss Mc Donald's dresses, this relieved her from great difficulty, as having only the clothes in which she was cast on shore, she was under the necessity of often borrowing from Janet; she therefore felt inexpressibly obliged, for having her wants thus anticipated.

In the morning she put on one of the dresses, and thus anglicised, or rather scotticised, she awaited the arrival of the young Laird;

in a short time he came with a beautiful Shetland poney belonging to his sister. It was with much regret Janet saw Angela preparing for her excursion, fearing she would never again return to the humble roof of Sandy'; and notwithstanding all assurances to the contrary, remained incredulous, therefore with a heavy heart and glistening tear she beheld her depart.

The day was fine, the weather calm and serene; and although the way was short, yet it took a considerable time, as Angela found her strength unequal to riding more than a foot pace; at length her conductor pointed out the house, which was situated on an eminence in the environs of Kirkwall, and had been the seat of the Laird's ancestors for more than a century. On her arrival at the iron gates, which opened into the avenue that led to the house, she was received by her venerable host, who assisted her to alight, took her by the hand, and led her to the entrance; at which stood Mrs. and Miss Mc

Donald, to welcome their new guest. The former was a woman of respectable appearance, somewhat younger than her husband; the latter was an awkward red-haired girl, if so she might be called when verging upon her twenty fifth year; the mother had a countenance expressive of beneficence, and the daughter of good nature. They each held out a hand to Angela, and testified their happiness at seeing her; having shown her into the hall, they insisted on her being seated, as she looked fatigued from her ride. The walls were hung with ancient pictures of the Mc Donalds for several generations back, and its present possessor was about to add his to the family group. Some excellent wine, made by the good hostess, and some biscuits were now brought by a clumsy boy in what had once been a handsome livery, but its singular make, faded colour, and tarnished lace, shewed it had descended, like the family pictures, from one generation to another. The refreshments were served upon an antique silver waiter, on which the arms

of the Mc Donalds were engraven; the furniture was in the same style of antiquity, and appeared to have stood there from time immemorial.

Angela soon perceived that, with the estate of their ancestors, they also had inherited their ancient hospitality; Mrs. Mc Donald was in that respect the counterpart of the Laird; the poor and needy were never turned from the door unrelieved; in all cases of sickness she was applied to, and medicines were dispensed by her as necessity required: in fact she was the Lady Bountiful of the Island. On each anniversary of the birth day of the Laird, a sheep was roasted whole, which was partaken of by all the neighboring poor, and after being well supplied with whiskey, they returned to their humble cots blessing the benevolent hand of the donor; the children were brought up to tread in the steps of their parents. Thus did this worthy family employ their declining years in soothing

ing the horrors of want, in smoothing the bed of affliction.

While the Laird and his son were taking their usual round before dinner, and Mrs. Mc Donald was attending to her household concerns, Angela accompanied the daughter into the garden, and by the assistance of her arm was enabled to stroll round it; it was as good and productive as the nature of the soil would admit. At the upper end was a small mount and a seat, from which was seen a commanding view of the bay of Kirkwall; here she rested sometime, enjoying the mild and gentle sea breezes. The more she conversed with her companion, who was not ignorant of the French language, the more she was pleased with her; her apparent awkwardness, the result of a first interview with a stranger, soon wore off, and she displayed a mind not entirely uncultivated. What little knowledge of the world she had gained was from books, and by passing one winter in Edinburgh after she

had finished her education; she possessed a fund of good humour, and a readiness to oblige, which rendered her society pleasant to Angela, who in fact was much gratified by the behaviour of the whole family; they each in their turn seemed solicitous to oblige.

The dinner was like the manners of the donors, plain and unostentatious; it consisted simply of boiled and roast; the proud sirloin, the boast of Britons, smoked on the board, and the hearty welcome that accompanied it gave an additional zest to the repast. When the cloth was removed, such a dessert as could be procured was brought, and some excellent wine; after a few glasses of it had been circulated, the Laird, like his countrymen, proud of his genealogy, endeavoured to prove to Angela that he had royal blood in his veins, by being enabled to trace his ancestors back to the ancient kings of Scotland. Pride of ancestry was the only pride which belonged to him, for here friendship and hospitality had taken their abode.

The Laird's son was modest and unassuming; but deeply struck with the figure and fascinating manners of his new guest his eyes were rivetted to the spot where she was, and he gazed upon her with respectful admiration; every moment he imagined he beheld some fresh charm, some new attraction, and for the first time he experienced, to what he had hitherto been a stranger, the all-powerful force of love. He well knew it could never be successful, therefore resolved to try and check the growing passion in the bud; he had too much good sense to suppose that a woman, whose polished manners betrayed the nobility of her birth, and calculated to shine in the first circles of society, would bury herself in the Orkney Islands, and with a man of an uncultivated mind; he was convinced she was far above his humble hopes to aspire to, therefore determined to keep the object of his passion ignorant of his presumption; he was confident vain would be every effort at present to check it, as while Angela was near he could not

resolve to forego the pleasure he took in her society, when he knew that pleasure must so soon be at an end, and most probably for ever: he rejoiced at the idea of attending her to Germany, yet he anticipated the pangs parting with her must occasion.

The evening turned out so bad, that Angela was under the necessity of taking a bed at the Laird's, which gave her a fresh opportunity of admiring this amiable family. About half an hour before supper, the bell usually employed to summon them to dinner was rung; all the servants of the house soon after entered the parlour, when the whole knelt down, and with fervent devotion and pious humility, offered up their petitions to the God of all mercy, and joined in a prayer read by the Laird, in a most devout and impressive manner.

Angela, though bred a catholic, revered religion in all its various forms; therefore with unaffected piety, added her humble

tribute of adoration to that Deity, by whose protecting arm she had been so recently rescued from a watery grave. The same pious ceremony was repeated before breakfast.

As the morning was fine Angela now proposed taking her leave, and returning to Sandy's lowly cot ; but she had so ingratiated herself with every member of the family, that they were not willing to lose any part of her society while she continued on the Island ; consequently they all most earnestly requested her to take their house for her residence. Their united entreaties, aided by some regret she felt at separating, were strong advocates in her breast ; but the idea of breaking her word with Janet, and being guilty of ingratitude to one to whom she owed so much, rose superior to every other consideration, and induced her to decline it ; she assured them how highly sensible she was of their goodness, and candidly told them her reasons for refusing their kind and hospitable offer. " If that be the only obstacle," Mrs. Mc Donald replied, " it

shall soon be removed ; we will send for Janet here to attend upon you, and she shall continue as long as you remain ; thus you will not be guilty of ingratitude towards her, and we shall still have the enjoyment of your society." This generosity soon extinguished her last remaining scruple, and she consented to their joint entreaties ; it was settled that she should ride with young Mc Donald to Sandy's hut, and communicate the intelligence herself to Janet.

"As Angela drew near the cottage, her faithful friend ran to meet her with joy sparkling in her eyes ; she had frequently been casting a long and anxious look towards Kirkwall, and almost felt persuaded of the truth of her supposition, that Angela would return no more ; therefore, soon as she saw her, she flew to welcome her ; but this joy was not a little damped by the assurance of her intention to go back to the Laird's. "I thought how it would be," exclaimed Janet ; "I was confident you never would reside

again beneath our humble roof:"—then burst into a flood of tears. Angela was much concerned at the poor girl's uneasiness, and taking her affectionately by the hand, assured her that they were not going to part yet, for if she could obtain Sandy and Moggy's permission, Mrs. Mc Donald had kindly invited her to their house, where you are to remain, she said, until I quit the Island. This welcome assurance dried up her tears; the cloud that overshadowed her countenance now dispersed, and sunshine again revisited it; she was rejoiced at the idea of not only continuing with Angela, but that she should be thus noticed by the Laird's family. By this time they had reached the hut, at the door of which stood the venerable couple to receive their guest.

Angela was assisted by young Mc Donald to alight, and at his request had now recourse to the bounty her kind friends had so liberally provided; being rather faint, with the exertion of riding, she found a glass of wine and

one of Sandy's biscuits not unacceptable. The business was soon arranged with the old people, and they seemed equally rejoiced with their daughter at the invitation for Janet to the Laird's, which would raise them not a little in the estimation of their neighbours. As it was necessary some preparation should be made for so unexpected and important an occurrence, it was settled that Moggy should accompany Janet to Kirkwall in the evening to purchase a new gown, and such other things as she might want, and leave her at the Laird's on her return. Sandy and his wife were unwilling to part with Angela, but the idea of her being so much better accommodated than she could be in their small hut, reconciled them to it, especially as she assured them, she would visit the cot again before she left the Island; she also promised every care should be taken of their daughter; then extending a hand to each, as a token of her gratitude, she remounted the poney and rode slowly off, accompanied by her ardent but unknown lover.

Every glance from the penetrating eye of Angela, only served to add fresh fuel to a hopeless flame; so much so, that he could ill disguise it. From one more practised in the art than herself, this unhappy passion could not have been concealed; it was self-evident, and betrayed in every action. She often observed a confusion, an embarrassment in the manner of young Mc Donald; but this she attributed to his not having been more used to mix with society: she never for a moment surmised that love was the origin of it. This passion was as yet dormant in the bosom of Angela, and the present object was certainly not one likely to awaken it; it required a more masterly hand to rouse it into action, to kindle the pure and hallowed flame of reciprocal affection, and cause it to burn with renovated splendor. Unconscious of the power of her charms, she endeavoured to engage her companion in conversation, sometimes in French, sometimes in broken English; he appeared for a few minutes animated, then became silent and thoughtful; they

jogged on slowly, and just as they got sight of the Laird's house the dinner bell rang. They overtook the Laird returning from his morning ramble ; he led Angela up the avenue, and expressed to her the happiness he experienced that she had become an inmate of his family. Miss Mc Donald saw from the window their approach, and ran out to meet them—"Welcome, thrice welcome," said she, "my charming friend," and conducted her to the dining room, where Mrs. Mc Donald received her most affectionately. They were all pleased at having her society, until her strength was perfectly re-established ; the eyes of the whole family testified their joy, and each strove how they could most contribute to the accommodation and comfort of their amiable guest.

In the evening Janet arrived, not a little proud of her invitation ; she was sent for into the parlour to speak to Angela ; she entered it with a profusion of courtesies, also a profusion of blushes, and seemed fearful of

raising her eyes from the ground, lest they should encounter those of the Laird or his wife; the kind manner in which they spoke to her, soon dissipated her fears. When the servant conducted her into the kitchen, her tongue again found its office, and she began to chatter with her usual volubility; a thousand questions were asked by her about every thing she saw; the spacious hall, the ancient portraits, the lofty chambers were all, in their turn, objects of curiosity, and she was not easy until she had been into every room in the house. When she came to the chamber which was appropriated to her, a little room near Angela's, in which there was a small tent bedstead, she was delighted beyond expression, having never yet known a luxury beyond a stump bedstead, and a flock bed; she could not keep her joy within bounds at thus becoming a resident in the Laird's house, and having permission to be a short time longer with Angela, to whom, although a very humble friend, she was yet a most sincere one.

Six weeks glided imperceptibly away, and every day increased the regard Angela felt for this worthy family ; contentment, peace, and happiness were their household gods ; their morning and evening orisons were offered up to the Searcher of all Hearts with such unaffected piety and fervent devotion, that must impress the most irreligious mind with awe ; on each revolving sabbath the whole family attended, morning and evening, at the church of Kirkwall, and before prayers at night a suitable discourse was read by the Laird to the whole family assembled.

At other times, cheerfulness and mirth resounded through the house ; all were charmed with their new guest, and looked forward with regret to the moment of her leaving them ; a smile was seen on every countenance, with the exception of that of young Mc Donald ; a desponding melancholy had taken possession of him, and although, when in the presence of Angela, he attempted to be cheerful, yet it was evidently forced. This was observed

with much uneasiness by both his parents; more especially as they could not persuade him to disclose the latent cause; sometimes he was unusually animated, but this animation was like the last blaze of an expiring taper, which revives for a moment before it is totally extinguished.

Angela having quite recovered her strength, began now to think of her departure; she had delayed mentioning the subject from day to day, from the fear of causing uneasiness to her benevolent friends, as well as from reluctance on her own part; but as the time must come, she at length summoned resolution to express to the Laird her wish that, soon as convenient, he would provide a vessel for her to return to Germany. At the same time she acknowledged how much she should regret parting with a family, to whom she was under such indelible obligations; the trial she confessed would be a severe one, but it must be made. The whole circle heard her request with pain, although they had an-

ticipated it; to her immediate departure they would by no means consent, and it was at last finally settled she should embark on that day fortnight, accompanied by young McDonald

When Janet understood the day was fixed, she was most vociferous in her lamentations; it was her daily and hourly theme; she at length declared she could not bear to part, and with tears in her eyes requested she might go also. Angela regarded with pleasure this convincing proof of the girl's attachment, and readily complied with her request, provided Sandy and Moggy gave their consent; to procure which, Janet determined to go to them immediately. After an absence of some hours she returned, and with joy sparkling in her countenance, declared that with some difficulty she had succeeded; although they assured her, they should much lament her absence, especially in a foreign land, as she was their only surviving child, and the staff of their declining years, yet un-

der the care of Angela, they were certain she would be protected from every danger, and must experience many more comforts than it was possible to procure at home ; therefore in consideration of her future welfare, they consented, though with aching hearts ; but requested she might be permitted to pass a few hours with them every day, until her departure. This was immediately acceded to, and Janet, in her idea, was now the happiest of human beings.

Each hour that passed was seen with reluctance by this amiable family, as it brought so much nearer the time when they must separate from their beloved guest ; they endeavoured to drive it from their remembrance, but in vain. At last the eventful morn arrived, and the vessel that was to deprive them of her was seen at an anchor in the bay of Kirkwall, decorated with various flags, in honor of its illustrious passenger ; the breakfast was passed in almost total silence ; on every brow was seated dejection, and every

eye was filled with the tear of regret. Angela at length arose, and expressed her acknowledgments to the whole family, for the parental regard she had experienced ; she also assured them she should ever remember the time she resided on the Orkney Island, and the happiness she enjoyed there with much pleasure. "Talk not of acknowledgments, my young friend," said the Laird ; "our happiness has been reciprocal, and we shall look back with equal regret to those moments when your society enlivened all around us." The heart of Angela was full, she could add no more, therefore after tenderly embracing Mrs. and Miss Mc Donald, she hurried from the room, followed by the Laird, and supported by his arm, walked through the avenue ; on turning round once more to take a last look at the venerable hall that had afforded her so comfortable an asylum, she saw the two ladies at the window, who each waved their handkerchief as a final adieu, which Angela returned, and with difficulty suppressed a shower of tears.

Young Mc Donald had been sent before to prepare every thing for her reception, and when she came to the beach she saw him in a boat, which was rowing towards the shore ; Sandy and Moggy were also there, with Janet, who had passed the last evening at home. Angela said all she could to convince them of her protection of their daughter, and promised that in two years, at longest, she should make them a visit ; again assuring the preservers of her life of her unceasing gratitude, she shook hands with each. The boat was now ready, the old Laird gave her an affectionate embrace, with nature's torrent gushing from the heart, and then assisted her into it. Sandy and Moggy took leave of Janet with tears of parental affection rolling down their furrowed cheeks, nor were the eyes of their daughter dry ; the boat put off from the shore, was soon alongside the vessel, her sails were immediately filled to the favoring gale, and the aged trio remained

gazing on her until she was obscured from their view by one of the points of land which form the bay.

CHAP. XIV.



SOON as the emotions of regret, occasioned by parting with her benevolent friends, had a little subsided, Ángela became much agitated at the reflection that she was again on that element which had so lately nearly proved her destruction. Although the weather did not indicate it, she felt a thousand nameless fears of another storm, which might for ever consign her to a fathomless abyss of waters; she soon however endeavoured to dissipate them by the remembrance, that it was ungrateful to a protecting providence to harbour them, after the signal instance of

preservation which had been vouchsafed to her.

She found every thing on board the vessel had been provided, by the Laird and his son, that could contribute to her comfort and convenience; a stock of provisions of various kinds, fruit, vegetables, and some of the choicest wine which the cellar of the hospitable donor produced. An apartment was fitted up for her as commodious as the small size of the sloop would admit; a tent bedstead had been brought from the hall for her accommodation, which was so secured as to prevent her falling out by the motion the sea might occasion. These kind and pleasing attentions, added not a little to the obligation she was under to this amiable family.

Young Mc Donald was as usual extremely assiduous, his whole soul wrapt up in Angela, and he scarcely could bear her a moment from his sight; sometimes his drooping spirits appeared to rise; as if animated by hope; a

others they were sunk in the gloom of despondency. When Angela perceived him thus, she endeavoured by every means in her power to banish that dejection from his breast, the cause of which she so little suspected; her efforts generally succeeded for the moment, but he soon relapsed into his former depression of mind. She was the last person likely to dispel it, as the more she unconsciously displayed the fascinating charms of her conversation, the more she turned her expressive eyes upon him, beaming with compassion, gratitude, and friendship, the more she inflamed that wound she vainly attempted to heal, the deeper she fixed that dart which had so long rankled in his breast.

The water was smooth, consequently there was but little motion; Angela was now too good a sailor to be affected by it, but Janet, who, although she had lived by the seaside all her life, had never ventured upon it, began to feel strong symptoms of sickness, which increased with the increase of motion,

as the vessel got from under the land. She was advised to keep on deck much as possible, as the air would prove beneficial ; but, at length, unable to continue up any longer, she came below, with a countenance pale and ghastly, and went to bed, half inclined to repent of her German expedition.

Angela and the young Laird dined *tete a tete* ; the dinner was served up in a much better manner than, under such circumstances, she could possibly expect. When the cloth was removed, a plentiful 'dessert, the bounty of Mrs. Mc Donald, was brought in ; it was the best her garden could produce.

"How kind, how considerate," said Angela, "have my good friends been ! how shall I ever repay the many obligations I owe them ?" "They are amply repaid," answered young Mc Donald, "by the happiness they experienced in your society ; a happiness, I fear, we shall be henceforward strangers to." "Not so," Angela replied ; "I trust the time

will arrive, when I shall be enabled to revisit my generous benefactors; I cannot, for a moment, form the idea of being separated from them not to meet again." Her companion sighed, but uttered not a word; in the interim she continued, "I hope I shall have the consolation of hearing from them, should an opportunity offer." "An opportunity shall offer," said Mc Donald; "so dear will the remembrance of you be to us all, that every summer a vessel shall be sent to Germany for the express purpose of getting some intelligence of you." Angela thanked him for this fresh instance of his attention, and assured him it would be one of the greatest gratifications of her life annually to hear from friends she so much valued. The conversation was then interrupted by the master coming into the cabin, and informing Mc Donald a very suspicious vessel was astern, coming towards them under a press of sail, France and England being at war, they had no hesitation in concluding it to be a privateer of that nation; by the help of a glass,

the conjecture of the master was reduced to a certainty, as a French ensign was now discerned flying at her mizen peak. Angela had no other fear of being taken, than that of falling into the hands of an unrelenting father, for as a natural born subject of France, she could not be detained a prisoner; nevertheless she felt great regret, that the property of the Laird should be thus sacrificed on her account. After a consultation between Mc Donald and the master, it was deemed impossible they could escape by sailing, they therefore thought the only chance they had was to shorten sail immediately for the privateer, and pass for a fishing vessel pursuing her occupation; in which case perhaps they would not be molested; to favour this deception, a fishing net was spread in the shrouds, and Angela and Mc Donald were forced to keep below. An English Jack was hoisted at the mast-head, but on a shot being fired over them by the Frenchman, was immediately struck, in token of submission. The privateer was a brig of eighteen guns; and as she

approached, with matches lighted, ready to pour a broadside into her defenceless prey, every countenance was pictured with dismay and terror, and in awful silence they awaited the event. The brig was soon under the stern of their vessel, when she brought to, lowered down her boat, and sent the mate on board to take possession of the prize. The Frenchman had been a long time prisoner in England, therefore could speak the language tolerably; on questioning the master from whence he came, he informed him he was a fisherman from the Orkneys, and to corroborate it, showed him the vessel's papers, which were fortunately on board. The mate of the privateer, after having examined them, said we are not at war with defenceless fishermen, immediately left the vessel, and in a few minutes the brig, to the great joy of all on board, made sail after another vessel just discernible in the offing.

The master congratulated the young Laird and Angela on their fortunate escape; he

much feared the Frenchman would have gone into the cabin, when the discovery of them would have shown that his present employ was not fishing.

Angela most sincerely rejoiced that she had not been taken to France, as there, most probably, she would have been again exposed to the persecution of an unnatural parent; and her companion was no less gratified, that he was relieved from the dread of a French prison. The apprehension of being taken made every other misfortune appear light to Janet; while the matter was in agitation, she laid trembling in her bed, and covered herself with the bed-clothes, but no sooner were her fears at an end, than her joy at the narrow escape she had met with made her forget what she had suffered from sea-sickness, and she became anxious to get up; but as it was nearly night, she was advised to lie quiet until the morning. Being considerably better, she now partook of some refreshments, that her attentive mistress brought her. An-

gela also retired to rest, with the sweet hope that, if the wind continued favourable, she would most probably the next night repose within the walls of Warburgh castle ; impressed with this idea her slumbers were undisturbed, and on awakening in the morning she welcomed with gratitude the happy dawn which was once more to restore her to her dearest Ellen, where she trusted she should remain unmolested by her persecutor, who doubtless had heard of the loss of his yacht, and would naturally suppose she perished with the rest. She reflected, that the affectionate bosom of her fond and venerable mother must have been torn with the bitterest anguish at the imagined death of her only child, and that she had shed many a tear to her memory ; she then pictured to herself the joy she should experience, were she enabled to heal those wounds with the assurance that she had been snatched from a watery grave by the protecting arm of providence. But painful was the reflection, that if once the secret of her existence was dis-

covered, she probably might soon again be in the power of the detested Steinbergh, who she well knew would leave no villainy unemployed to effect it; consequently this consolation must still be denied her.

Angela found when she arose, that the hope of reaching Warburgh in the course of the day was at an end, for the vessel had made little progress during the night, being becalmed; the surface of the ocean was undisturbed by a single ripple, and not a breath of wind was perceptible on its glassy bosom. She ardently prayed this calm might not be the precursor of a storm, as it had been during the time she was in the yacht. McDonald beheld it with pleasure, as it protracted the voyage, and he should consequently have the happiness of being longer in the society of Angela. Janet was now sufficiently recovered to again go upon deck; with returning health, repentance at having taken the voyage fled, and she enjoyed by anticipa-

tion, the pleasure she should experience in a foreign country.

Angela walked most of the morning, contemplating an almighty hand in the wonders of the ocean ; she looked around the boundless horizon far as the eye could reach, nothing but sky and water was to be seen, except here and there a scattered vessel impeded in its progress by want of wind. In this motionless state the sloop continued all day, but towards evening a fresh and favourable breeze sprang up, and Angela retired to rest with the apparent certainty that, if it continued, it would be the last night of her sleeping on the ocean ; with the morning dawn the coast of Germany was discovered full in view, and as the vessel drew nearer the shore Warburgh castle was discernible, raising its proud turrets in the air. With what joy did she once more behold those venerable and hospitable walls, that had afforded her shelter when driven into exile from her home ! what delight did she experience at the sight of the

well known hill and valley, hallowed spot sacred to friendship and affection ! • Every tree was familiar to her ; each winding path she had often traced in company with her beloved Ellen ; sometimes also the scene of her solitary rambles. She gazed with veneration on the place where, when alone, she had frequently sat, contemplating the wonderful works of an all-powerful God ; she also reflected, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, on the great and manifold mercies vouchsafed to her by that God since she was forcibly torn from those dear and valued friends under whose fostering wing she had been nurtured and protected ; and anticipated the pleasure they were about to experience at finding her so unexpectedly restored to them, as it were from the grave.

As it was not possible the Countess could have the smallest hope of her existence, Angela thought she had better guard against a sudden surprise, by not going to the castle before the young Laird had been and an-

nounced her arrival ; she therefore determined to remain on board the vessel until his return. Soon as the anchor was dropped the boat was hoisted out, and Mc Donald sent upon his mission, with a few lines to Ellen, to be given, after the discovery of her being alive was made, as a confirmation of the story, which must otherwise have appeared incredible.

Angela watched the boat on shore with anxious solicitude ; she saw it at length reach the land, Mc Donald get out of it, and proceed on his way to the castle ; when it immediately returned on board. As the vessel was so near the beach, they could easily perceive when the messenger came back ; who was to make a signal for the boat, by waving his hat.

Every moment was to Angela a tedious age ; and so great her impatience, that she continued on deck with her attention directed to the shore, looking for the expected signal ;

but, alas, to no purpose ! Several hours elapsed, and yet the young Laird did not return ; in vain did she trace with a telescope the well known path to the castle, not a human being could she perceive approaching ; night at last came on, and still Mc Donald did not appear. Her gentle bosom was now agitated by numberless conjectures, as to what might have detained him ; but not one could she form at all satisfactory. Every thing being obscured by darkness, she went below, threw herself on the bed, and bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed, “ Am I always to be the child of misfortune ? is some fatality ever to attend my steps ? ” and she was almost inclined to regret that her sorrows had not been ended, like her companions, in a watery grave. Her sense of religion soon checked the impiety of the thought, and left returning gratitude alone an inmate of her breast, when she reflected on her miraculous preservation from the dangers that surrounded her, as the yacht, and all its crew, sunk to rise no more.

Angela was roused from her reverie by Janet, who came to announce that a voice, from the shore was then hailing the vessel for a boat; she instantly arose, and listened with attention; she heard the voice, but was doubtful whether it was the young Laird's; again she listened, yet she was not convinced. She then ran upon deck, breathless with expectation; the boat was on its way to the shore; she soon after found, by the noise of the oars being every moment plainer, that it was on its return; a few minutes brought it alongside, and immediately after Mc Donald came on board. "Where, where have you been?" exclaimed Angela; "is all right at the castle? if so, what has detained you?" "I was apprehensive," he answered, "that you would be alarmed at my long stay; to ease your susceptible breast of its greatest anxiety, I hasten to tell you the Count and Countess are both well; they have been absent from home for some days, but were expected at the castle this evening. I waited until now with the hope of their return; they

were not come half an hour back ; I have however left your note for the Countess, that they may know of your arrival." "Thank heaven, they are well," replied Angela ; "and their blooming boy?" "Well also," said the Laird. "'At an early hour to-morrow morning," resumed Angela, "I will go to the castle with you, as my impatience will not admit of a longer delay ; should the Countess not be returned, all the domestics know me, and I am assured I shall be a welcome guest." With this determination she retired to rest.

Mc Donald well knew sleep would be a stranger to his eyes that night, therefore at any hour he should be ready to attend her : the idea of the time being nearly arrived when he must part with Angela, perhaps for ever, preyed upon his mind, and robbed him of repose. Although he well knew his love was hopeless of a return, yet he enjoyed a melancholy pleasure in gazing on the object that inspired it, in silently tracing every feature of that countenance so deeply engraven

on his heart ; he wished fate had not conducted his steps to the spot where he first saw her, as until that moment he enjoyed happiness, for he knew not the pangs of unrequited love, the agony of a hopeless passion ; in vain he called reason to his aid ; but it had taken too deep root easily to be eradicated. As he predicted, sleep forsook his pillow ; he arose early, at seven o'clock awoke Janet, and desired her to call her mistress.

Angela immediately arose, after partaking of some refreshment, descended into the boat, and accompanied by Janet and Mc Donald, she soon reached the shore ; the rapture and delight which took possession of her breast at once more treading on German ground, and on that beloved spot where she had enjoyed the happiest moments of her life, was eminently conspicuous in her animated countenance. With her spirits quite exhilarated, she took the arm of her conductor, and by rapid steps retraced the path that led to Warburgh ; anxious however as she was to

get there, she could not help occasionally stopping to gaze on each flower, each well-known shrub, that so often had arrested her attention, and caused her to contemplate the Deity in the minutest of his works. As she passed through the valley, her limbs trembled, and her tongue faltered, on beholding the place where she was seized by the two ruffians; and she offered up a mental, but pious thanksgiving to heaven, that had defeated the wicked intentions of their employer.

As she drew near the venerable walls of the castle, whose turrets raised their proud heads in grandeur and sublimity, her heart beat high with expectation; she soon passed the drawbridge, and reached the entrance: on knocking at the gate, it was opened by the porter, to whom Angela was no stranger. "Well Peter," she said, "is the Count returned?" at the same time throwing up the veil that covered her face. The old man gazed upon her with terror and affright, every limb shook, and the ponderous keys, which

his aged hands could no longer support, fell to the ground ; in a moment after, he hurried away fast as he could hobble, breathless with agitation. As she advanced to the hall, she saw several more of the domestics, who ran off soon as they perceived her, exclaiming, a ghost ! a ghost !

Angela found it was useless attempting to speak to them, as they all fled at her approach ; she therefore sent the young Laird to endeavour to convince them it was no ghost, but she herself. As he could not speak the German language, in this he had much difficulty ; at length he found one of them who understood French, and by the help of him he undeceived them. They were now as assiduous to approach as they were to avoid her before ; and after many apologies, and as many bows, Angela learned that the Count and Countess were not yet returned, but a messenger had arrived that morning, and brought the intelligence they would certainly be at the castle by dinner. She particularly cautioned the

domestics not to take any notice of her arrival, fearing the news, abruptly broken, might be too much for her affectionate Ellen. She then inquired for Agnes, but understood she was no more: a fever had seized her, and carried her off about a month since, after a few days illness. Angela dropped a tear to the memory of her faithful servant, and proceeded to her own apartments; she found every thing arranged in the same order as when she went away; not even a book had been disturbed. In this kind attention she traced the undiminished regard of the Countess, who appeared to have treasured every article that belonged to her, as the sacred relics of a departed friend.

Janet was all admiration: the old Laird's house appeared to her the summit of human grandeur, but when compared with the castle it sunk into insignificance: the majesty of the exterior had first excited her attention, but it was changed to mute wonder and astonishment when she saw the interior; The

lofty dome, the stately hall, the marble pillars, the superb tapestry, rich furniture, and number of domestics in laced liveries, appeared to her the work of enchantment ; she conceived she must be in a dream, and that the delightful scene could not be reality. When she followed Angela up the splendid stone staircase, she was so wrapt in the magnificence of the scene, as to be totally deprived of all her loquacious faculties ; her tongue had lost its office, until the well-known voice of her mistress recalled her powers of speech.

CHAP. XV.



DURING the time Angela was in her chamber, Mc Donald, to whom such an ancient and noble pile of building was almost as much a novelty as to Janet, amused himself by looking into the gardens and surrounding grounds ; but not even these could long divert his attention from the cause of his melancholy ; the sigh of despair would steal from his breast, the tear of unrequited love would glisten in his eye, when he reflected how soon he must be torn from what, in his estimation, constituted every earthly happiness. He was deeply ruminating upon his unfortunate attachment, when he beheld the

object of it approaching, unconscious of her power; who, with her accustomed kindness, pointed out every thing that was worthy of his notice. She had not long been thus employed, when the well-known horn, the herald of the Count's return, was heard to sound; Angela conceived it would be best to retire to her apartment, until the young Laird had informed her friends of the purport of his visit. The Count and Countess could speak English tolerably, therefore he would experience no difficulty in conversing with them; a few minutes brought them into the castle yard; they were in deep mourning, for the supposed loss of their amiable young friend. The Count on entering the hall was at first surprised to see a stranger, and a foreigner more especially; Mc Donald bowed respectfully, and in the English language requested an audience; this he readily granted, and immediately leaving the Countess, retired with his new guest into the library, that their conversation might be free from interruption. The young Laird soon made his errand

known ; on which the Count was struck with astonishment, bordering on incredulity ; nor could he be convinced that Angela was then at Warburgh until he saw her letter, which Mc Donald had taken back from the servants to present himself, and read the contents that related her miraculous preservation. Astonishment then gave place to joy ; he shook the bearer of such unlooked-for happiness most heartily by the hand, gave him a cordial welcome, then hastened to the Countess, that he might be himself the harbinger of such welcome tidings.

Ellen was as much surprised as the Count ; she heard him with patience until he informed her Angela was now in the castle ; she could then listen no longer, but ran out of the room, and instantly the two friends were encircled in a mutual embrace. This meeting was almost too much for them ; on the part of the Countess it was so sudden and unexpected, that overpowered by her feelings she could not utter a word ; and Angela, al-

though long prepared for the trial, was not in a much better situation. When a little recovered, Ellen with difficulty believed it true; it seemed to her more like a delusive dream, a fleeting vision, than reality, for she could not conceive it possible that her lost friend was raised from the grave, and again in her arms, blooming with renovated health. Angela soon convinced her it was no visionary phantom, but she herself. "And do I again embrace my beloved Ellen," she exclaimed, "the friend of my youth, the sharer of my heart!" "Merciful powers!" cried the Countess, "that well-known voice, those accents so familiar to my ear! it is, it must be she!" After the first transports of their joy had subsided in some degree, Ellen began to recollect the Count was anxious as herself again to behold his charming guest, therefore proposed conducting her to him; to this she readily acceded, and they immediately went in search of him: they found him in the library, in conversation with Mc Donald. Soon as she entered, he affectionately pressed

her hand, and said, "Welcome, welcome, again to Warburgh; blest be those benevolent islanders who rescued you from death, raised you from a watery grave, to soothe the sorrows of your disconsolate friends, to restore them to that happiness of which your supposed premature death had deprived them. These sable weeds, which were worn as a small tribute offered at the shrine of friendship, shall be now discarded; to-morrow shall be a day of rejoicing in commemoration of the happy event; the heart of every peasant shall be made glad."

"I have not yet introduced you," said Angela, "to one of my best friends," (at the same time taking the hand of the young Laird, and leading him to the Countess); "in him behold, although not immediately the preserver of my life, the restorer and protector of it. In the bosom of his amiable family I have been nursed with the tenderest care; under their fostering wing I have regained my health; by their paternal tenderness this weak frame,

much shattered from the shock I have undergone, is again renovated; and to them I owe a blessing, in which I am confident my dearest Ellen participates, that of being now at Warburgh." The Countess received him most graciously, and expressed the obligations she was under to his benevolent family for the preservation of her amiable young friend, and for bringing her back one in whom her happiness was so deeply interested; she also seconded the Count's invitation, and requested him to remain as long at the castle as he could be absent from home. The young Laird bowed, and made a suitable acknowledgment to the Countess; then the Count took him by the arm, and proposed showing him the extensive grounds and environs of Warburgh.

Soon as they were gone, Angela informed Ellen she had yet another friend to introduce to her, but one who moved in a humbler sphere, the daughter of the fisherman that saved her life; whose attachment and fidelity

was of that nature, that she could not be happy but by having permission to accompany her, for which she had obtained the consent of her parents. Janet was then sent for, who entered the room covered with blushes; at the present, of the Countess fear deprived her of utterance, and all she could do was to make one of her best courtesies, and then with her eyes upon the floor remained as if transfixed to the spot. Ellen perceiving her confusion, addressed her in the English language, assured her of her protection, not only for her own sake, but for that of her father, for whom, although unknown, she should ever feel the warmest gratitude, as the generous preserver of the life of Angela. Janet, a little encouraged by the reception of the Countess, now ventured to look up, returned her thanks in a low and hurried tone, dropped another courtesy, and quitted the room. "What an interesting countenance!" said Ellen; "it must strongly prepossess any one in her favor." "She was for a long time," replied Angela, "almost my only nurse; to

her anxious solicitude and unceasing care I owe much, consequently feel attached to her; and was not a little gratified when she proposed accompanying me hither."

"I have now," said the Countess, "a treasure in store for you, which I am assured will be great as unexpected, for I know it to be an invaluable one;" she then opened her breast, and discovered to the astonished sight of Angela the identical locket she had lost the night of her being carried away, and for which she had shed many a tear. "Good Heaven!" she exclaimed, "it is the same, it encloses my revered mother's hair; how, and

what manner it was brought to her, by a woman who found it in the valley; and added, "I recognized it immediately, and in this bosom has it hung ever since, as a memorial of my supposed departed friend." Ellen now removed it from her own neck and placed it on that of Angela, who pressed it with reverence

to her lips, dropped a tear of filial affection, and then deposited it in its former abode.

Angela anxiously inquired if ~~the~~ Countess had heard any thing of the Baron or Baroness Fitzornmond? Ellen replied, "She had not;" and added, "although the Count dispatched a messenger to them, soon as the melancholy tidings of your supposed death were known, the Baron, I understand, took the letter, read it with apparent indifference, and sent no answer of any kind back." "Then perhaps," said Angela, "my dear mother is ignorant of the distressing intelligence; probably my father has not disclosed to her the melancholy event. Grant, Heaven, it may prove so! as it will save her maternal breast from an unnecessary pang. But what reason had you to suppose me dead? how did you get any intelligence of my fate?" "We made many inquiries," Ellen answered, "which were all fruitless; at length we met with a fisherman, who informed us of a nobleman's yacht having been at anchor in the bay, and that at

night, as he was returning from his occupation, he saw a boat with a lady in it go on board; he could not be deceived, as he passed very close; so singular a circumstance attracted his attention, he rested upon his oars, and soon after the vessel was under weigh, and standing out to sea. Upon further investigation, this proved to be the very night on which you were missing; we had little hesitation in concluding that you were taken away by the order of Steinbergh, and the Count was determined, when he could gain any certain intelligence of your destination, to rescue you from his villainy. We however soon after found a yacht, belonging to him, had been so long without being heard of, that there remained little doubt but it had foundered in the late heavy gales of wind, and that every soul on board had perished. In addition to the abhorrence we before felt for your persecutor, we now beheld him as the murderer of my friend; I have heard nothing of him since he went from this neighbourhood, nor have I inquired, as my blood chilled with

horror at the bare mention of his name." It was now suggested by the Countess, that as the Baron Fitzormond was so indifferent to the loss of his daughter, and that possibly he might not have communicated it to the Baroness, the return of Angela had better be concealed from them, lest it should again subject her to the molestation of Steinbergh. Although she felt averse to keep her parent in ignorance of her restoration, yet she coincided in the sad necessity of it. "Alas!" she said, "full well I know it must be so; hard indeed is my fate to find a persecutor in a father:"—a tear was now visible on her cheek, a sigh of regret escaped her bosom, at thus laboring under the displeasure of the author of her existence, at being torn from the nurturing wing of the best of mothers. Ellen saw the pearly drop, wiped it away with the hand of friendship, and taking the arm of Angela, to divert her mind from further reflection, proposed a walk to visit her pensioners.

When the party met at dinner every countenance wore a smile, with the exception of Mc Donald's; he attempted to assume one, but it was like the faint beams which emanate from the sun, when partially obscured by clouds; a mind ill at ease might plainly be discerned under so flimsy a veil; even a few glasses of sparkling champaign could not enliven him. The Count and Countess soon penetrated into the cause, although Angela was a stranger to it; they easily perceived her charms had softened the adamant heart of the young Caledonian; very little observation confirmed them in their suspicion, and Ellen, when alone, began to rally her fair friend upon the conquest she had achieved. Angela assured the Countess, that for once her usual penetration had deceived her, for not a hint, the most distant, of it had ever passed his lips; she confessed she had long with regret observed his increasing dejection, but would not admit that she was the cause of it in any degree. Ellen still persisted in being right; "You yet," said she, "are quite

a novice in the silent but expressive language of love; when you come to be as well versed in it as myself, you will confirm my judgment." "If it be so," answered Angela, "it is a hopeless passion, for it never can be returned by me; therefore I sincerely pity him; for although a stranger to the pains or pleasures of love, my heart tells me what they must be; gratitude, esteem, and friendship I possess for him, in the fullest degree, but further I cannot go; it therefore grieves me to plant a dagger in the breast of the son of my benefactor." Angela now determined to observe him more closely, for she could not be induced to imagine the suggestions of the Countess were true.

When she retired for the night, she experienced the most lively joy at again reposing within the venerable walls of Warburgh Castle; but joy was not the only sensation she felt; she was deeply impressed with gratitude also to the Supreme Disposer of all human events, and after offering up her most cor-

dial and unfeigned thanks to the Throne of Grace, where the pious incense which rises from the pure heart of the sincere worshipper is always accepted, she sunk into repose. But not so Janet, who occupied the apartment of Agnes, which joined that of her mistress; the scene was so new to her, that it precluded sleep. She, who had never yet known a luxury, until she went to the Laird's, beyond a fisherman's humble hut and a flock bed, now to rest on one soft as down, was to her a change she knew not how to reconcile with reality; her mind was completely engrossed with the idea of the elegant apartments, marble pillars, ancient tapestry, superb mirrors, and numerous servants in rich liveries; she seemed to tread on fairy ground, and every thing appeared the work of enchantment. At length, however, towards morning she fell into a sound sleep; it was but of short duration, being in a little time awoke by the thunder of the castle guns, which were fired at sunrise to celebrate the return of Angela; the report reverberated

through every part of the building. When the sound reached Janet, she could imagine nothing but that the castle was attacked by an enemy, and would soon be levelled with the ground ; she sprung up in a fright, and ran instantly to her mistress, that she might communicate her fears.

Angela was yet enjoying that sweet repose, springing from a mind at ease, when Janet awoke her, entreated she would arise and save her life. "How is it endangered?" "There is not a moment to spare," resumed Janet; "the castle is attacked, and soon we shall be buried in its ruins; did you not hear those dreadful cannon?" Angela, now recollecting the kind intention of the Count, to make this a day of rejoicing, smiled at the mistake of her Scotch friend; and soon dissipated her fears, by assuring her there was no enemy, and that it was only the castle guns firing a salute. Janet blushed at her folly; being no longer under any apprehensions she

retired again to bed, and forgot all her timidity in sleep.

At noon Angela saw the villagers of Warburgh assembled in the castle yard, to welcome her on her return; she courteously spoke to all, and to those of whom she had most knowledge she gave some little token of her regard. Tables were spread for them, with a profusion of every thing they could wish or want; the grounds around the castle were opened, and they had free liberty to range about them; every kind of rustic sport was provided, and the sprightly dance was not amongst the least of their amusements. Some dressed themselves as grotesque figures, for the diversion of the rest; and others entertained their neighbours with humorous songs; swinging, wrestling, &c. afforded occupation to another party; and some lasses were listening to soft tales of love from their enamoured swains. The elder part, whose age would not permit them to partake of the more active sports, were enjoying their pipes,

and filling their nose and mouth with clouds of smoke, which ascended in curling columns until it completely enveloped them. After spending a day of rural festivity, they all separated, imploring blessings on the heads of their benefactors, and with reiterated shouts of "Long live the house of Warburgh."

The Count and Countess had now discarded their sables, worn for the supposed death of Angela, and appeared in their gayest attire; a sumptuous dinner was served up, and health and happiness to their young friend was drank in copious libations. Even the disconsolate Mc Donald, on this day, arrayed his face in smiles; the novelty of the scene, the grandeur of the entertainment, and the different groups of German peasantry, all seemingly happy, served to give a temporary relief to the sorrows of his breast; his embarrassment and melancholy appeared to forsake him, and he conversed with the Count, the Countess, and Angela in the most lively manner. Thus passed a day set apart as an offering at the

shrine of friendship ; every face, from the Count to the lowest peasant, was dressed in smiles, and the susceptible bosom of Angela overflowed with gratitude and joy : peace, contentment, and happiness appeared on this day to have taken up their abode in Warburgh Castle.

Mc Donald passed a few more days in this pleasing delirium, when the sorrows of his heart were awakened afresh, by the thought that it was necessary now to go back to Kirkwall, lest his staying any longer should give uneasiness to his affectionate parents, as he left them with the intention of returning soon as he had conducted his fair charge in safety to Warburgh Castle. He dreaded the trial of parting with Angela ; it was a hard struggle between love and filial duty ; the latter however conquered, and he fixed the next day for his departure. Soon as his intention was made known, Angela wrote a long letter to Mrs. Mc Donald, expressive of her gratitude to the whole family for their hospitality

and the kind and friendly attention she had received from them, which was little less than parental. She enclosed a few German presents to Miss Mc Donald, and a note to Sandy and Moggy, informing them of the health and happiness of their daughter. Although reading was not one of the accomplishments of the old couple, she trusted some one would be found to decipher the contents of it to them.

As the time drew near, the countenance of the young Laird betrayed more strongly the increasing agitation of his mind; the eventful mom at last arrived, that was to separate him, perhaps for ever, from Angela. He summoned all the fortitude in his power for the trial, and endeavoured, much as possible, to conceal his feelings from the scrutinizing eyes of the Count and Countess; but they were too great adepts in the art of love to be easily deceived; a single glance soon convinced them of the state of his heart at that moment. His affection was too serious for raillery, as it

was a case which admitted of no consolation, they therefore could only silently pity him.

Angela had seen, with concern, the dejection he labored under; but all the arguments of Ellen could not convince her, that she was the cause of it; her young and artless mind was insensible of her perfections, and vanity had no share in her composition.

Soon as breakfast was ended, the young Laird arose to take his leave, but the Count proposed the ladies and himself should accompany him to the beach; Janet was also permitted to follow, that she might see the last of one who was soon to behold old Sandy and Moggy. During the walk he appeared silent and thoughtful; and on reaching the sea-shore, determined to make his trial short as possible. After having taken leave of the Count and Countess, with suitable acknowledgments for their hospitality, he approached Angela, with trembling and agitated step; she held out her hand to him

at parting, which he respectfully kissed. He appeared to have lost the power of speech; but at length faintly articulated "Farewell!" gave a deep sigh, and hastily jumped into the boat which was waiting to receive him, regardless of the entreaties of Janet, not to forget to tell Sandy of her welfare. The vessel was soon under weigh, and with a fair wind; Mc Donald waved his hand from the stern, as a last adieu, which was returned by his friends on shore, after which they walked back to the castle.

"What think you now?" said Ellen; "did you observe his agitation at parting? his dejected countenance, his trembling frame? can you suppose any, but yourself, could have caused such powerful emotions? Do you, for a moment, imagine they proceed from friendship alone? No, he feels most powerfully the pangs of unrequited love." "Alas!" replied Angela, "I know not what to think; I should be indeed wretched could I believe that I had, although unconsciously,

been the cause of thus disturbing his peace.”
“If he is too sensible of your merits, for his own happiness,” answered Ellen, “if he has indulged and nurtured a passion, which he well knew never could be successful, instead of nipping it in the bud, how can you possibly be to blame? Although it may be a cause of regret, it never can be one of self-accusation; be assured time and absence will do wonders with him; when he has no longer the object before his eyes, to add fuel to a hopeless flame, the torch of love will soon grow dim, and he at length totally extinguished; the violence of passion will in time be mellowed down to the calmness of friendship.

Angela was yet a stranger to love; her heart had never felt the sensation; if she had a preference for any man, it was for Ricardo, for to him she was indebted for the preservation of more than life, yet she was not sensible that she felt any stronger sentiment towards him than gratitude. The idea of his being the captain of a band of robbers, checked

every other thought ; she did not suppose it probable they should meet again, but she anxiously wished it, to explain her abrupt parting, and do away the impression he must have imbibed, that she was ungrateful for the signal services he had rendered her.

Angela felt a tranquillity under the protection of the Count and Countess to which she had long been a stranger ; she regretted the loss of the society of a beloved mother, yet as it was not practicable to enjoy it but at the expense of sacrificing freedom, happiness, and all that was dear to her, her regret began gradually to be less poignant ; in the friendship of Ellen and her lord she found every consolation she could receive, thus estranged from her parental roof. Contemplating the felicity of her highly valued friends, was a great addition to her own ; she saw with pleasure the pledge of affection heaven had blessed them with daily increasing in beauty and attraction ; she delighted to watch the human blossom as it expanded, disclosing all

the father's lustre, all the mother's bloom. Thus passed her days in peace and tranquillity : a bountiful providence showering his blessings on her from a full cornucopie, for which she was not ungrateful in her morning and evening orisons.

But, alas ! these halcyon days were not to last; the cup of affliction was not complete : for only three short months had hastily glided away when a rude and chilling blast disturbed this tranquillity.

One morning, after breakfast, the sound of a horn gave intimation of the arrival of a stranger of some consequence : the Count, as was his custom, went to the entrance hall to receive him, when the avant courier announced the approach of the Baron Fitzormond ; who, from some of Steinbergh's emissaries, had been informed Angela was still living, and at Warburgh Castle. In a few minutes the Baron appeared, but his looks betrayed his errand was not of a pacific na-

ture; his angry brow predicted the coming storm. The Count first addressed him, and said, "To what am I indebted for this visit of the Baron Fitzronond, a visit so sudden and unexpected?" "I come," answered the Baron, "to claim a daughter, whom you have so long encouraged in parental disobedience." "No," replied Warburgh, fired with indignation, "rather say, have so long protected from parental tyranny, which would have sacrificed her to a villain." "From whatever motive you may have detained her," said Fitzronond, "I, as her father, demand her to be instantly given up." "Never," replied the Count, "while I have an arm and a sword to protect her; as you have ceased to feel for her the affection of a parent, all ties of obedience are dissolved; you have driven her from that roof which should have sheltered her, an outcast and a wanderer, into a wide and unfeeling world; you have robbed her of the society of an exemplary mother; the nurture the brute creation give their offspring, you have denied to her. Had not

the arms of friendship been open to receive her, she might ere this have been numbered with the dead, and the father would have become 'the murderer of his daughter.' "Murderer!" exclaimed the Baron. "Yes, murderer!" answered the Count, "for although you did not actually imbrue your hands in the blood of your child, yet she would have fallen the victim of your tyranny had not an all-wise providence conducted her to those both able and willing to protect her." "I demand my daughter," said the angry Baron, "and will have her:—by what authority do you keep her from me?" "By that of humanity," replied the Count, "which directs me to shelter an injured daughter from an unnatural parent." "Vile traducer of my fame," cried the Baron, foaming with rage, "thou shalt feel the vengeance of an insulted father—Draw, and defend yourself." Their sabres were in an instant out of their scabbards, the Baron made a cut at the Count, which he dexterously parried; and at the moment when, in his turn, the uplifted

sword was ready to fall upon his antagonist, Angela pale and breathless, rushed between them, threw herself at the feet of Warburgh, and in an agony of mind indescribable exclaimed, "Let me be the devoted victim; but spare, oh spare my father!" She could say no more, nature was exhausted; the sight palsied the arm of the Count, the sabre dropped from his hand, and he flew to support Angela. At this moment Ellen entered the hall, caught her lovely friend in her arms as the Count raised her, and gave a look of indignation at the Baron, who appeared wholly unmoved at the scene before him. Every restoration was administered that the affection of Ellen could suggest; with the first dawning of returning reason she again cried out, "Spare, oh spare my father!" "Your father is safe," said Ellen. "And the Count," asked Angela. "Oh yes," replied the Countess. "Then thank heaven," she exclaimed, "I have not the death of either to lay to my charge; this is the second time the Count has risked his life for me; never will I

expose him to such another trial; I will end the contest at once, by following the path which filial duty points out to me." "You will not surely go with him," said the Countess. "Oh yes, yes," replied Angela, "for although he is cruel, although he is unnatural, he is still my father." "No," answered Warburgh, who was yet anxiously striving to support her, "he has forfeited that title, he has driven you from him, like an alien to his blood, and only now wants to get you in his possession to sacrifice you to Steinbergh." "That shall never be," said Angela; "no power on earth shall compel me to it; although filial duty imperiously demands that I should go with him, yet there is a point at which obedience must stop. When he dooms all my future days to misery, by ordering me to wed the man I hate, I consider resistance then as no longer criminal; I shall ever feel it a duty I owe to my father, not to give my hand to any one without having first received his sanction; yet there is also a duty I owe to myself, to disobey a command which re-

quires me to violate the most sacred ties, to fly in the face of offended heaven, and commit the sin of perjury, by swearing love and affection to one whom my soul detests.

These arguments, on the part of Angela, were considered unanswerable by her anxious friends; they heard her determination with the keenest regret, yet they could not help secretly applauding it.

The Baron, during this whole scene, was walking on the opposite side of the hall, totally regardless of the fate of so exemplary a daughter, and feeling the pangs of disappointed vengeance; he looked upon the Count as his bitterest enemy, as the bar to all the advantages he promised himself by the union he had projected of Angela with Steinbergh. Enveloped in his own reflections, he was only aroused by the voice of his daughter, who called to him, and said, "Behold me, my Lord, ready to obey your commands, and to quit Warburgh Castle this instant." "It

is well you have come to this resolution," answered the Baron, "otherwise force should have compelled you." "Never," exclaimed the Count, "while I have life, *should you* have taken her hence but by her own free will; this determination her high sense of filial duty alone induced her to adopt. As she has consented to obey you, let me conjure you to treat her with tenderness and affection; prove yourself worthy of such a daughter, and let it not be recorded of the Baron Fitzormond, that he was the destroyer of the peace of one who has the strongest claim to his protection, by immolating his only child at the shrine of wealth, for selfish and interested purposes; by forcing her into an union with a man who is justly branded with the name of villain, who is a disgrace to the rank he holds in society.

The Baron made no answer, but kept a contemptuous and sullen silence. Angela requested her faithful Janet might accompany her; to this, after some hesitation, he agreed,

and she was ordered to pack up just sufficient necessaries for her mistress to carry with her for the present.

After a short interval, which was devoted to take leave of her dearest friends, the Baron called out in a voice of thunder, "Are you ready, I will wait no longer." "I will go with you immediately," said Angela, her heart bursting with grief; in silent agony she embraced the Countess, held forth her hand to the Count, and attended by Janet rushed from their presence. Fitzormond did not condescend to utter a word; Warburgh followed her to the gate, assisted her into the carriage that was waiting there, pressed her hand once more, and with anguish inexpressible saw her depart.

END OF VOL. I.

